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No. 390

#### WORK!

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Work, for up the eastern sky
Climbs the sun the while we wait;
Chances come and pass us by
While we stand and hesitate—
Doubting, waiting, faint of heart,
Till we find we are too late.

Work! the morning will not wait. While we stand and hesitate.

- Work! our lives before us lie
  Like the marble, shapeless still;
  We must shape it to success
  With an earnest heart and will.
  It is in our hands to choose;
  Shall we choose for good or ill?
- Work! the day is passing fast.
  Brave of heart to do and dare
  In the world's great labor-fields,
  There is work for us to share,
  Earnest hearts and willing hands
  Find a mission everywhere.

Ah! the morning will not wait, While we stand and hesitate.

# The Bitter Secret;

THE HEART OF GOLD.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER V. WAITING AND SEEING.

And that was Otto Derwent, her father!
With blazing cheeks the girl sat and thought of him, scanning again, with mental gaze, the tall, stalwart figure, the proud, picturesque countenance, the dominant manner, the dashing, courageous, bon-camerade style of the man who had let his wife perish alone in Loangerica.

man who had let his wife perish alone in Loangerie.

How lightly his sorrow sat upon him! Why, her mother had looked at least ten years older when she died!

As Monica played with the fried ham and eggs and weak tea served to her by Dame Hicks, she plied that personage with questions that set her voluble tongue wagging continuously, and rendered the stranger lady so much more interesting a guest than the dozen of hungry hunters who reveled in the big hall, that she passed over these magnates to her husband, and devoted herself to the one lone little girl.

And Monica, with her white hand upholding her cheek, and her dark glimmering eyes fastened full upon the dame's raw-boned face, lured

ed full upon the dame's raw-boned face, lured

her on and on, till she had told all she knew about Dornoch-Weald and its noble master. According to Mrs. Hicks, "the master," as she delighted to call him, was so obstinate in his celibacy, and withal so brilliant, fascinating and popular among the ladies, that the highest in the land had as good as offered herself to him, while all the county ladies, belles and heiresses, as well as peeresses in their own right, were breaking their necks after him, without the smallest reward.

"For a gay man, an' a jovial liver," said the old woman, "he's that queer about marryin', the Lord only knows what he means for to the Lord only knows what he means for to do for an heir; him that hates his nephew, Geoffrey Kilmyre, fit to shoot him—him as used for to fairly worship the lad! And in my opinion, as well as the whole countryside's, a opinion, as well as the whole countrysides, at properer man, and a gallanter, never stepped across Bornoch-Weald threshold; a bit harumscarum maybe, but, Lord! that's better than foxin' and wigglin' like snakes around the masheels, like the next after him again-I mean them two rogues as were here a minute ago with him, Rufus an' Gavaine Marshall. Geoffrey, ye see, 's a right down Derwent, as why shouldn't he, bein' the master's own sister's child; whereas them scum aren't nothin' but distant relatives, ever so far removed, sons of—would ye believe it, nothin' but a tailor! and with neither the souls nor the bodies of our Derwents, God bless the race!

"And he—Mr. Derwent, I mean—is he kind to people—a good man?" demanded the listener, disdainfully

"Humph! I dunno what may your ideas of good be! He suits us—lets us a-be, and that's what a single man should," retorted the imkeeper's wife. "If the young woman as has been hanging on these ten year at the Weald ould only keep her nose out of our concarr like the master does, she'd suit us better too, I'll

Who is she?" "Oh, another far-off relation; at least sh says so, an' has been a-tryin' for to ketch the master ever since she got out of short clothes—for a scheming viper! But he don't see it, he! he! he!—an' so they say up at the hall that of late she's set her cap for young Master Geoffrey, an' that she's in a fair way of hookin' him, too. But it'll be a sad day for Dornoch when Godiva Montacute gets to be mistress of the Woold?

"Jest of age, miss, twenty-one, and as sly a serpent as ever crawled. It's my opinion, an' I don't care who hears me say so, that she's that

mad at the master for never lookin' her way, that she'd stick her bodkin in his heart, any day, if she had a chance; an' if ever anything amiss do happen to him, I'll know who done it."

And the giantess nodded her great head gloomily, gazing with a disgusted frown into Monica felt a singular stir at the heart, and a

quick breathless craving to see this woman face to face. Yet, although she was spoken of as the enemy of the Master of Dornoch-Weald, it was not kindred feeling that animated the American girl, who had come here in the charac-

ter of an avenger. Go on! tell me more." said she, settling her-

"Go on! tell me more," said sne, settling herself with yet deeper attention, to the dame's great gratification, for she loved to declaim on the affairs of her betters. "Where is Geoffrey Kilmyre, and what?"

"Oh, he's a rovin' blade. He don't trouble the Weal much, especially since the master turned him out of Dornoch for wanting to marry a poor al as was governess in the par-son's family."



"Hush, dear boy, hush!" and there was malignity-germ enough in her tones for both."

he?"
"Well, this 'un weren't much, anyhow, an'
who but a mad devil like Master Geoffrey would
think o' settin' the like, with nayther blood nor
beauty, at the head of the table where princesses

he marry Nell Wyvern, say you? No, for, as good luck 'ud have it, she showed herself up in time, for the bold, brazen hussy she was, an' run off with parson's eldest son, a captain in the guards whenever she found out that her rich lover 'un lose everything if he married her; an' she not even expectin' to marry Tom Grindon. Ugh! Master Geoffrey may thank his stars for his escape. It broke the heart of parson's wife, as sweet a lady as ever trod in Dornoch; she died in a month; an' parson hisself, he have never held with specific tree for the led was a held up his poor head since; for the lad was a good son till she come to blacken his soul She's In Lunnon this very day, a-ridin' in her ker-ridge among all the other brazen wenches, an' Tom Grindon's forgot ages ago, and gone to the dogs. Well, Master Geoffrey wor well rid of her; but for all that he never forgave his uncle for standing atween them on account of the gal's low birth; so he's very seldom at the Weald how, but keeps hisself to his own big, lonesome house in Cornlea, an' meanwhile them reptiles, the Marshalls, keeps close by the master's an' Satan only knows what lies they tell al ir young master; and that other fox, Godiva Montacute, keeps a-writin' constant to Mast Geoffrey, drawin' him, fine as a wire, into h net, though how she means to get the property for him ag'in' two such imps as them Marshalls is past me. Well, well, thank God, the master' is past me. Well, well, thank God, the master's as hale an' hearty as any one of 'em yet, an' can ride to hounds with the foremost; it may be a many years afore anybody 'll get into his shoes, an' the good Lord grant it will."

And with this devout aspiration the landlady departed in response to a cell from the dining.

departed in response to a call from the dining-room, from whence came the jolly racket and turbulence of a hunt dinner.

And Monica once more sunk deep into reverie, with wondering heart questioning the near fu-

She was soon afterward conducted to her bedroom, situated in a distant part of the wide-spread rambling cottage, but for all that, not quite out of hearing of the noisy party in the dining-room; and she passed the long, cold, gusty night between waking visions of sinister oreboding, and slumbering trances of name-ess terror, till the dim breaking of day, when Il grew death-still and she slept profoundly.

With her waking came perplexities.

Unless she applied, under some good pretext, at the parsonage for lodgings, there was not a house in Dornoch open to her; for the most part the inhabitants were wretchedly poor. Leasing small patches of land upon which they raised except stuffs for the Limbe market, and living green stuffs for the Linnhe market, and living green stuns for the Limine market, and hying crammed into infinitesimal cottages, eight or twelve of a family: ignorance, vice, and brutal uspicion of strangers seemed to be their ruling

racteristics. characteristics.

"Like people, like master," thought the intelligent American girl, scorningly; she was fresh from her own trim, thriving little village, where every soul could at least read, and where the poorest cotter could mingle with his fellows,

rational being.
What curse was hanging over this people, that they were so imbruted? Nothing but an unhappy and reckless lord, whose bitter conservatism and galling pride of race had taught him to look upon his tenants as naught but miserable serfs to till his lands and to crouch at his foot as their natural lord and

For the Master of Dornoch-Weald was said through all the county to be the proudest man the young spring verdure against a granite

"Well, did the young man assert his independence, and marry her in spite of his uncle, or did he prove a craven and abandon her for the sake of his uncle's wealth?"

"Land! how your eyes do shine, miss! Did"

plate deceiving without one pang of compunc-She took a room at the "Dornoch Arms" for She took a room at the "Dornoch Arms" for a few weeks, and bestirred herself to obtain entrance under some plausible excuse, into the Weald. She gave out to the inn people that she had come to their village among the woods for change of air, her pale and emaciated appearance suggesting instantly recent illness among the ruddy and robust Northern peasants; and she took care to make it known that if the air agreed with her, she would be thankful to get some post at the Mansion House, be-

ful to get some post at the Mansion House, being too poor to live idle upon her money.

But the days passed, and nothing came of her stay, except that she made herself thoroughly familiar with the grounds of Dornoch-Weald, as well as for miles around among the forests
And then fate gave her her will; a door opened where she least looked for it, and the

She had not caught another glimpse of Mr. Derwent: neither had she seen the woman who now divided her thoughts with him—Godiva Montacute, the wily connection. The brothers Marshall she often saw and eluded; they made a habit of riding past the inn every day, and of a haoft of riding past the inn every day, and of stopping to call for a stirrup-cup of mine host's nut-brown ale, in the hope of snatching another glimpse of the pale and lustrous-eyed stranger lady, whom they had discovered asleep on the

wooden settle. She had successfully avoided not only them. but all the cavaliers at the Mansion; she was cautious as to when and where she took her

walks, and confined herself to her room as long as they loitered about the inn.

This reserve piqued their curiosity; they vowed to "have her out of her hole," as they out it, and haunted her.

At this time the great house was thronged with a merry company. Not only sportsmen filled its spacious walls and vaulted chambers, but ladies from the beau monde, bright, beau-tiful, young and illustrious ladies, might be seen sauntering in dainty guise through the building garden-beds, and the mossy paths of the home-

Sometimes they flashed by on horseback, atended by the youngest and gayest of the cava-iers; sometimes they drove, a merry cavalcade, hers; sometimes they drove, a merry cavalcade, in the Master's open carriages, through the quaint little village, to some point of interest in the neighborhood, gazing curiously about them as they passed the wretched hutches with their squalid, beast-like inhabitants; but Godiva Montality, and the second to tacute was never among these; she seemed to confine herself within the walls of Dornoch-Weald, as one with some watch to keep.

Monica came to think of this unseen woman ho hated the Master of Dornoch-Weald, eating his bread the while, with superstitious dread; she was always straining to catch a glimpse of

One morning she reached, in the course of her ramble in the forest facing the Weald, a charming little dingle, where the gray rocks peeped through velvet mosses, and the fresh young curls of the bracken interlaced, with the shooting grasses, the gnarled roots of the giant oaks; ilver-stemmed birches, dusky thorn, and tasteled poplars, stretched away like solemn cathedral columns into the dim recesses of the wood. edral columns into the dim recesses of the wood; and a fair bud-fringed gap revealed the Mansion straight fronting the girl, as she leaned among

"Ah!" cried Monica, derisively, "the Master of Dornoch-Weald does not like poor girls, does he?"
"Well, this 'un weren't much, anyhow, an' think o' settin' the like, with nayther blood nor beauty, at the head of the table where princesses wanst sat?"
withink o' settin' the like were average as a strange mixture of princely bonhommie toward his equals, and icy impenetrability toward all, high or low, who ventured to tread too close to books whatever in her present abode, she had obtained permission from the sexton of the little (Chapel to use the library of theological works). which mouldered in the vestry, and these volumes chanced to be of the dryest and most dog. matic type; so she had also provided herself with a piece of lace-work, which she made almost as exquisitely as her mother, and with more originality of design, and on which she now built some hopes of making a subsistence. She was weary with a long walk, and sat in a half dream, her abstracted gaze fixed upon those distant turrets; when the quiet rustle of some light trailing thing over last year's fallen leaves attracted her attention.

attracted her attention.

turned in every direction, seeking the cause, but nothing was visible coming through that mist of crossing twigs, with its slight vail ing of just peeping green; then the rustling stopped, and she heard a quick, firm step, and a clear merry whistle, coming shrilling up from the valley below. It was answered from the point where the rustling had ceased, by the warbling of a bird, so very cleverly and deftly executed that Monica had not the slightest susoicion that it could be anything else, until the ustling began again, and standing up, she saw, oming apparently straight toward her nook, a ness of the trees, only that it moved, and that something copper-red shone on the head of it, and something roseate white where the face

As she looked, not doubting but that the lady As she looked, not doubting but that the lady had seen her and was coming to speak to her, the firm step all the while coming springing up and up from the valley, the lady stood still, behind the enormous girth of a centenarian oak, and a gentleman sprung beside her.

As the two met, Monica, who saw them in profile, though the great tree hid them completely from the windows of the Mansion, perceived the tall, slim lady put out two long white hands with an impulsive grace, which the centles.

nands with an impulsive grace, which the gentle man, when he was up to her, gathered quickly man, when he was up to her, gathered quickly in one of his, shook them gayly, and dropped, throwing himself back then against the trunk, while he gazed at her in silence for perhaps a minute, his riding-cap in his hand, and his shining brow lit by the clear morning beams. And Monica, who could see his face distinctly, being possessed of unusually long sight, breathed a mechanical sigh of pleasure; for it was so beautiful, not only in proud pure contour, rich and manly coloring, and grace of outline, but in the heartfelt sincerity and ingenuousness of the soul that looked forth from the clever, searching eyes, that her very heart was satissearching eyes, that her very heart was satisfied for once, and ere ever he had uttered one word in her hearing, her soul assented to all word in her hearing, her soul assented to all that was in his nature, fiber to fiber answering.

"Rare and fair as ever, Godiva! Anxiety only makes you lovelier, I protest, my brave champion," were the first words spoken.

"Oh, Geoffrey! GEOFFREY! GEOFFREY!" were her words in answer.

Monica felt her heart stand still; these were the two who queft to be of the utmost import.

the two who ought to be of the utmost importance in the world, to her, after Otto Derwent, for they were the candidates for heirship of his

wealth-her rivals. Godiva Montacute and Geoffrey Kilmyre stood at last before her—before HER, the unknown daughter of their patron and uncle.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SIREN OF THE WOOD.

Miss Montacute had uttered her greeting in a low impassioned tone, and with a movement as if she would have drawn the young man most impetuously to her bosom, a movement which he did not respond to, as he leaned in an attitude of perfect indolent grace against the old black tree-trunk; then she fell back a step, crossing her pale hands on her breast, with her in the saked what consequences.

The delicate voice went on, with a metallic link in it:

"Well, let me suffer if I must; I had rather suffer for you than curry favor with them for my own sake. I don't know how they contrived to be invited this time along with our other distinguished guests; certainly they were invited by Mr. Derwent, in due form, and are treated with as much consideration and respect as my Lord

bare head drooping, and the burning gold of her waving hair glittering under the sun, for her broad-brimmed country hat was slung over one arm by long floating ribbons of palest azure.

She looked very, very lovely and stately as she drooped so; her hight was majestic, her figure lithe and willowy, with an easy gliding grace, like the curving undulations of a bending blade of grass, or a twining serpent; her face was purely oval, and creamy white, where it was not roseate of the purest carmine tint; in her tiny ivory ear beamed a star-shaped azure periwinkle-blossom, in porcelain, or some pretty ware, a spray of the same fastening the transparent illusion scarf that softly muffled her throat, as white as it; oh! she was delicacy, demureness, modesty, and tenderness personified, she who might, by right of her proud stature and noble beauty, have lifted herself toweringly above any man's insulting indifference, a very Cleopatra!

"You are glad to see me, then?" said Geoffrey Kilmyre, curiously regarding her. "In the name of Heaven, why, I should like to know?"

She stole a strange look at him; it was as if

She stole a strange look at him; it was as if her eyes, concealed till then under the longest, richest red lashes Monica had ever seen, had emitted a white flash, like lightning in day-light; then they were hid again.

"Pardon me, Mr. Kilmyre, I have no right to presume to be either glad or sorry about you," she replied in a humble, innocent voice. "But if I was—I really couldn't help it—at least—oh, what a shame to put me on the witness stand this way!" she broke out in lovely confusion, and half turned away, pouting, yet smiling, like a very sweet unsophisticated child.

Monica had listened and looked thus far, too utterly carried out of herself by the sudden-

Monica had listened and looked thus far, too utterly carried out of herself by the suddenness of the double arrival to recollect the impropriety of so doing; she would now, having come a little to herself, inevitably have either called their attention to her proximity by some sound, or walked away, had not something in this last maneuver of the beautiful Godivastruck cold conviction of treachery to her soul. Conscious of this intuition, and of nothing else, she suddenly sat down again in her shadowed nook, and, completely sheltered by intervening rocks and branches from the most searching looks, prepared to overhear all that this woman had come there to say to Geoffrey Kilmyre. And now she could see neither of them; but the better could she listen.

"Do you know, blushes are vastly becoming to you, Lily-Maid," she heard the gay, yet rather mocking voice of the young man say next.

next.

next.

It was clear that whatever he might be to this lovely dependent on his uncle's bounty, she was nothing to him, nothing at least beyond the pleasant moment of her luring presence.

pleasant moment of her luring presence.

"Do you think so? Thank you!" murmured she softly, and Monica could see mentally the mock-maiden side glance and the evil shrewdness of the hidden heart of her as she said it.

"Well, you are a good little thing—I beg your pardon—little is scarcely the term to describe a woman of your majesty; but somehow you always seem to me babyish enough for the endearment, in spite of your six feet of statuesque perfection."

"Anything you say by way of endearment, Geoffrey, is precious—is, I should rather say, welcome to me; as you know, I have had little love in my life."

"Poor child! That's the way with most of

us, I dare swear. However, I need not keep you out in this wilderness talking sentiment. Let's to business. You wrote for me, and here I am What is it?"

What is it?"

"Oh, me! How sternly you can look at me!
Did I do wrong to write you, Geoffrey? Indeed—it was out of the purest—"

"There—there—don't cry, dear soul. What under heaven have I said now, to stir up the pathetics in your foolish little heart? For a large woman, and rather a sensible one, you are the veriest help! There that's gright; your are the veriest baby! There, that's right; look more practical now. You were right enough in summoning me to Dornoch-Weald, if

enough in summoning me to Dornoch-Weald, if my uncle was in any trouble which I could avert. Little cause as he has shown me to waste filial duty upon him, I can't hear of his worries without at least wanting to offer my help. What is the matter?"

"Let me collect my reasoning faculties a moment, Mr. Kilmyre. I must not waste your time or forbearance getting out the matter in my own poor womanish way; wait one minute."

It was clear that the "Lily-Maid" required some time to crush down the rage and mortification his careless words had roused in her; any

cation his careless words had roused in her; any woman would have recognized the anger which burned in those quivering half-suppressed tones, cation his careless words had rou and in the quick swish of her robe over the dead

leaves as she passed to and fro.

Geoffrey Kilmyre evidently did not read these signs aright. After uttering a slight laugh at her closing words, the snap of a match and the curls of blue smoke rising over the spot where he stood betokened the serenity with which he had lit his cigar, and the careless nonchalance with which he meant to await the velation his kinswoman had summoned him

Soon her promenade ended, and her voice ounded, low and delicate, through the ancient Did you know that Rufus and Gavaine Mar

shall were here on a six weeks' visit?"
"By Jove! no! The Marshalls? What can the poor old fellow mean? How does his majesty get along with the sneaking curs? I'm bad enough—the son of a Cornlea cotton-prince. But they, ye gods! scions of a tailor! Ha! ha!

Geoffrey's laugh, the laugh of an honest man, rung out merrily; its sarcasm could not make it even malicious.

'Hush, dear boy, hush!" came the suppressed rush, dear boy, hush!" came the suppressed voice of Godiva, and there was malignity-germ enough in her tones for both. "If any one should discover me under these circumstances—oh, I shudder at the consequences!" A pause. No one asked what consequences.

Drogheda himself; not a hint of their extraction, only that they are distant connections; and as they have been well, even showily educated, and appear to have mixed in good society, they make a good appearance, and no one would take them for anything else than gentlemen. They have been here three weeks now, and in that time they have contrived to become so necessary to Mr. Derwent, that he is never seen without one or the other of them at his heels. Of course in one way there is nothing wonderful in that, for ever since he resurrected them from obscurity on the occasion of your expulsion two Drogheda himself; not a hint of their extracthat, for ever since he resurrected them from obscurity on the occasion of your expulsion two years ago, he has kept up a correspondence with them, as well as visiting them now and again at their own homes. But now they are really his principal guests. Does he moot an excursion, there they are, ready with hand and head to take everything but the enjoyment off him; does he speak of ball or masque, who so ingenious and so adroit to bring it about, not only with success, but with a unique fancy and originality that flatters and charms him; does he wish for that flatters and charms him; does he wish for sentiment, call for Rufus and Gavaine; the muses, Rufus and Gavaine; the rufus and Gavaine; or, best of all, does he crave seelusion, no reason in the world why he should not indulge so intellectual a wish; are not Rufus and Gavaine here to conduct everything so cleverly. Gavaine here to conduct everything so cleverly, and yet so modestly, that not the most captious of the guests can miss their host? Ah, Heaven! when I watch these terrible men basking under his pleased and musing glance, and think of you thrust out, thought of with freezing coldness, never mentioned at all, and your very portrait turned to the wall, my heart turns in my bosom. I have dared to keep your memory alive, notwithstanding his frowns and angry, goading taunts—I dare no more—if you only guessed what he tortures me by saying—I, who know so little about money that I never can distinguish between pounds and shillings, who would serve you the same if you were really as penniless as Gavaine here to conduct everything so cleverly you the same if you were really as penniless as he seems to wish you were."

The narrator broke off with thick crowding

sobs; they were so very naturally done, so convulsive, so eloquent of long and bravely-repressed sorrow and distress, that, by the low murmuring that next came through the wood, Monica guessed that the deluded Geoffrey was caressing her in some kind way, and whispering thanks

her in some kind way, and whispering thanks and praises in her ear.

With all the scornful curiosity of a proudly genuine nature, that observes the full iniquity of a false and wicked one, she rose and looked.

For all her hard work, Godiva had only won the small triumph of Geoffrey's hand on her drooping head, which he was patting and stroking half absently.

"And so, fearing that they were on the high

And so, fearing that they were on the highroad to supplant me in my uncle's will, yo wrote for me to appear on the scene," said he presently raising his comforting tones and re-turning to his place, the moment she had so far repressed her emotion as to return her handkerchief to her pocket. "And what did you expect me to do in self-defense, my dear?" he added, obviously more from curiosity to hear he idea than to obtain information on the impor

" echoed she, almost sharply; "why Geoffrey, is it you, who have so much at stake, who asks me, the humblest person in the house, and the least interested, what you should

'My dear girl, do you know that you made rather a pertinent insinuation in that last remark?" Eh? what can you mean?" muttered she, in

'Oh, you didn't mean it at all, of course, you "On, you didn't mean it at all, of course, you little goose; but it is just confoundedly true that you are the least interested party connected with this beastly business, because whoever of us, the tailor people or I, eventually turn out master of yonder mansion, you won't suffer; I don't forget Rufus Marshall's old penchant toward you, you see you're set?"

toward you; you see, you're safe."

"Oh, Geoffrey, Geoffrey! how little do you know poor, friendless Godiva Montacute!" sighed she, with great feeling. Monica had reseated herself, too much disgusted with her last sight of the lady to remain looking. "I shall never furn from your cause deer were shall never turn from your cause, dear, never desert your standard for theirs, were you to be disinherited to-morrow.

"Thanks, little girl; therein you show your warmth of heart and utter folly in charming unison. Indeed I don't think I ought to encourage you to revolt from the ruling powers, especially since it is really a matter that does not touch you in the least. I mean my well or ill fare. Drop me, little one; I sha'n't feel agrieved. You've no right to turn your back upon a young, devoted and thriving suitor, for the sake of a poor, unlucky devil who isn't even

How did she take that? Involuntarily Monica rose up to see; her foot slipped among the dry twigs and leaves with a faint rustling noise, and the face of the young lady, which had been bowed on her bosom in her favorite attitude of infantile submission and sadness, flashed up with listen, with dilated eyes and a sinister keennes in every strained feature. She did not see Monica, she looked obliquely past her, into the depths of the forest; and after a moment's

breathless suspense, as the sound was not repeated, she turned eagerly to her companion.

"Some one may come; I dare not be seen by human eye communing with you, not only be cause of the proprieties, but for sake of your welfare. Should they hear—your uncle, I mean or they too—that I was on such terms with you they would conceal everything from me as from a spy, and I could not assist you at all. This is what I think you should do. Come boldly on a visit to your uncle: make some excuse: here i the list of guests at the mansion; if there's a soul among them you know, say you were encouraged to venture to your old home—put it so—to see him or her; once regain a footing, and gentleness and submission to his will in everything will soon bring you back all his goodwill. He can't forget that you are of the blood, true Derwent, whilst they-but, I must go

Geoffrey, indeed."

"And shall I stoop to these accursed dissimulations, do you think, girl?" demanded the young man, with biting contempt. "Not I! Let Der went do as he likes with his wealth; I sha'n't de file my fingers groping in the mire after it! It the old fellow was in trouble, or ill, I might swallow my pride and come to him, but not for this reason. My good girl, I have always thought that your moral perceptions were rather blunt, but this—"

Oh, don't rebuke me—don't!" sobbed the lady in the most afflicted manner. "I have not had half time to present the case as it really is; have thought only of your interests, and forgotten his altogether. You must come, and instantly Gooffrey." stantly, Geoffrey.

Don't ask me again to sneak into my uncle's

good graces, Godiva, or I shall never look on your face more," he burst forth, haughtily. "Wait—hear what I do ask," she retorted, in a tone that suggested clinched teeth and a raging heart. "Your uncle is in trouble, is ill, or I should never have dared to send for you, knowing that you would not come for self-interest alone; nor could I have asked you to come for self-interest alone. He is in trouble—for I don't truck these week. trust these men—do you hear? I don't trust them near him, night and day, as long as selfinterest actuates them.

My God! is there-"Hush! hush!" panted she, in startling agita-tion; "I would have given much not to have been obliged to tell you this; I know nothing, only that so very much depends upon Mr. Der-went's will, and after his will is made—on his death—that I tremble at the wonderful influence which these brothers have already gained over him, and the patient persistency with which they haunt him. Come, come and watch with Geoffrey, if you ever loved your poor kind

Tears and sobs, quivering accents, pauses, hurry—no wonder if the young man gazed at his companion in utter shocked and unquestion ing credence.
"You said, 'in trouble, and ill'—is he ill, Godiva?" asked he, urgently.

"He does his best to cheat us all," was the wily answer; "he goes as usual about all his usual pursuits; but I can see—who am watchusual pursuits; but I can see—who am watching with anguish—how changed he really is; how death-pale at times, what fluctuating spirits, no appetite, unnatural periods of frozen reverie, all watched with the horrid intensity of fate, by the brothers! And when his weary eyes light on the back of your portrait—such a wistful, yearning, grieved look—"

"Let me go; why did you not say all this at first?" cried Geoffrey impetuously. "Good God, girl, you should have sent for me at the very beginning. My poor lonely old fellow! Heavens! what a brute I've been, to abandon him to any vile pack of fortune-hunters!"

what a brute I've been, to abandon him to any vile pack of fortune-hunters!"

"Go—go at once then—quick! I hear some one!" hissed Godiva, abruptly laying her hands on his shoulders, and fairly pushing him a few steps down the incline. He submitted to the motive power, and strode off under its impetus down the hill to the Weald.

Monica, still standing, with lynx eyes glued to the schemer, was debating with herself whether she should reveal her presence, curious to see the effect of such an unexpected occurrence upon Miss Montacute; when she perceived, by the lady's attitude of intent listening, as well as by her anxious consultation of the watch at her v her anxious consultation of the watch at he irdle, that some other person was expected.

By the wily craft on that fresh blush-ros

face, and the care with which she took a long survey of her surroundings, Monica received an emphatic impression of the importance of witnessing the forthcoming interview as she had witnessed the last, and further concealed herself by creeping off to the dusky hollow of an enormous decayed tree, half a dozen paces from her bowlder, where, comfortably propped in a sitting posture, with a mossy barricade of upheaved roots in front, she could both see and hear without the smallest danger of discovery. She had scarcely composed herself, when the face, and the care with which she took a long

She had scarcely composed herself, when the gray shadowy figure of the lovely Godiva passed into her line of vision, not half a dozen feet from her, and stopped dead still.

By the excitement on her smiling face, and the gracefully outstretched arms, Monica saw

that this interview was of a more interesting nature even than the last, and waited in breath ess suspense for the arrival of the other party

She had not half a minute to wait; still standing in an attitude of perfect grace and elegance, exquisitely hightened in effect by the gracious smiles of welcome that wreathed the lovely smiles of welcome that wreathed the lovely scarlet lips, Godiva was joined by another young gentleman, who, however, did not content himself by a cool handshake, but took the lissom form boldly in his arms, and poured a shower of kisses on her ripe and answering lips. Then he held her off at arm's length to look at her with fond admiration, and Monica beheld the features of the man whose laugh had awakened her as she slept on the woodcay settle in the

ened her as she slept on the wooden settle in the inn parlor—Rufus Marshall!

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VII.

SATAN'S IMPS.

"My Sweet!" were the first delighted words that broke the enraptured spell, uttered by the young man as he drew Godiya Montacute again to his breast, and pillowing her burnished head there, patted and smoothed it with trembling hand. "You are, after all, fond of me; don't deny it after this!"

"I'm afraid Lam Rufus" breathed the given

"I'm afraid I am, Rufus," breathed the siren, faintly, nestling up still closer with a fascinating little movement of shy love. "But, oh, dear! what good is it going to do either of us? You know I dare never marry you, dear, under existing circumstances!"

existing circumstances!"
Rufus Marshall was a colorless, undersized Kurus Marsaall was a colorless, undersized young man of some twenty-nine years; his eyes were pale and small, the iris curiously flecked with orange flakes, which in moments of excitement, blending with the faint green of the ground-color, produced in them a green phosphorescence. His mustache was long, waxed at the tips and ivory white; his lips under it, thin, and sharp-drawn, wearing an expression of anxiety and avarice; his hair was almost as tintless as his mustache, and fell over a bony. cintless as his mustache, and fell over a bony, contracted forehead in limp fine drifts like mist ne possessed high shoulders, was angular, un-gainly, and, though fashionably dressed and arrying himself with trained propriety, reninded one constantly of his low extraction

Beside him the aristocratic woman towered as some princess in disguise, before whom he might decently have bowed the knee in abject subjection, and doubtless would have done so, had he not obtained over her—the more shame to her superior organization—an ascendency

through her basest impulses.

"I had some trouble finding our trysting tree," said Rufus, presently, when he was tired of the refreshment of kissing those luring lips, and he waved his short square hand towar Monica's tree. "I'm not so used to wildwood Monica's tree. "I'm not so used to wildwoods as you, Loveliest; though, please God, I shall one day be lord of all we two look upon this one day be lord of all we two look upon this moment, with you by my side as queen." And the wretch caught her to him again in a burst of undignified chuckling, for it could scarce be called, as he expressed it, triumph.

Monica could see the shiver of repulsion that passed through Godiva, who, however, took ex-cellent care not to display it to him, replying with sweet softness:

'May it be so, dear Rufus, for what is to be come of your poor Godiva if that dissolute, halfdemon, Kilmyre, rules as master? I shall b thrust out, adrift, penniless, frieudless." Sh

thrust out, adritt, penniess, intentess turned aside her head to weep.

"The deuce! We'll see about that!" snarled her lover, an elf-like malignity clouding his ignoble features. "So, Pretty, don't cry to spoil those darling eyes; there's two of us between you and such a fate. Happily, if I am all head, Gavaine is all hands; whatever I set him to do, backed by your pretty coaxings, whatever it is, dy'e see! he'll do it, and no trouble after."

Monica felt the hair on her head slowly prickle and rise, the blood recede to her heart in an awful throe. What was this that was being spoken?

Had he not put a strange emphasis on the vord "whatev

The sweep of her arm as she carried her hand to her face, to dash the mist from her vision and the oozing sweat from her brow, startled the pair; they turned with one accord their faces toward her, and she read in these two blenches

and contracted visages—DEATH.

They did not see her; who knows what would wave befallen Monica Derwent if they had?
"Nothing but an owl rustling in the hollow muttered Godiva mechanically

on. You were saying that Gavine would do whatever we planned; yes, dear, I think he would, but fortunately we won't require his sort of service just yet; we shall try a little re of yours first."
"My girl, I'm at the end of my rope, I assure

a," said Rufus, with an impatient shrug; ") ought you knew that, and that we were meet ing here to concoct Gavaine's work. "Oh, not yet—not quite yet"—shuddered Godiva, looking frightfully pale and craven; "give the old man one more chance."
Rufus Marshall stared inquisitively at his ac-

complice; evidently her mood puzzled him. "Pon my life, Godiva, you sometimes mysti-me completely," mumbled he, resentfully. Vhat's come over you now? The last word What's come over you now? was 'get us out of this suspense at any cost!'
And now when I come to discuss how to obey ou, you show the white feather and cry quar

What's in the wind, girl? Come, out with The insignificant little atomy snatched at the noble-looking woman by the arm, and twisted her round in a coarsely bullying manner that would justly have set her blood boiling, but so abasing is conscious guilt that she did not even lare to shake his rude clutch off, although every instinct in her delicately-bred nature shuddered disgusted revolt, and she gnawed her rose-

ed lips almost black. re's nothing new 'in the wind,' as you "There's nothing new 'm the wma, as you call it, Rufus," she muttered, "and you need not be so harsh and cruel to me! I suppose I can't help it, but I would rather try anything, everything else first, before I let you proceed to

extremities. I have eaten his bread so long—"
"That you have," interrupted he, rudely,
"and I only wonder what in thunder could
have come between you that you could ever
turn against the old fool. Certainly very few
men in his position would have bothered about a poor relation like you, as he has done. What did he ever do, that turned you against him?" Godiva crimsoned violently, over her very neck and ears, and the scowl of an evil spirit darkened over her face. Monica remembered the insinuation of the innkeeper's wife, that she the insinuation of the infreepers wire, that she had tried her arts on her benefactor to climb into the supreme place at the Weald as his wife, and had been openly rejected; the furious mortification and galling bitterness of Godiva's present expression showed her that here rumon

had not lied. But Godiva's answer was far dif-"I suppose I must tell you," she meekly said; "but you have no real right to ask me any home questions, yet."

questions, yet."

"Go on; no humbugging!" observed Rufus, an involuntary smirk of gratification softening his insolent stare.

"Well, if I must I must. He—he was so cruel about wanting to marry me off to a man I have always abhorred," she raised her face here to the crystal morning light with a strange quivering anguish upon it, a blending of pain, deadly vengeance, and grief, "to his nephew, you know."

What! Geoffrey Kilmyre?" roared Rufus, getting blood-red with fury and jealousy; "did that dog ever dare to look at you?" "Hush! What does it matter? I would never

have married him, even to save my life; I had seen you first," said the traitress.

"But, say, did he ever make love to you?" muttered Rufus, doggedly. Godiva cast a keen glance upon the lowering murderous face and boldly answered:

"To tell the truth, no. I believe he was just as anxious to get rid of me as I was of him. You've heard and said enough about that affair with the clergyman's governess, Nellie Wyvern, to guess the reasons for that. But Mr. Derwent's heartless persistence in this matter turned my very soul. He could have so willingly sac-rificed me to save his favorite from the ruin he was bringing upon himself, no matter what I might fee! And of course when I resisted, he never forgave me. I have lived here on sufferance ever since, I who used to queen it as if I had been his own daughter!"

"Or wife," grinned Rufus with a sly leer that disclosed the maddening fact that he knew more than she had bargained for of the true reasons for her hate against her patron; and had merely been goading her to action by the reference; "why didn't he marry you himself and done

For one moment the young lady faced him with that white flash of fury like a blaze of lightning by daylight; then she crushed back her feelings with a baleful strength and resolution which boded ill for any unhappy soul who might have earned her hatred. "Why indeed!" she murmured, carelessly; "I

suppose if he had cared to do it he could have won my affection, as he had the charge of me ever since I was ten years old. But it did not ever since I was ten years old. But it did not occur to him, and certainly not to me. However, that's nothing to our purpose, is it? No, Rufus, I don't want you to proceed to extremities quite yet; for one reason, how can anything be done whilst the house is full?"

thing be done whilst the house is full?"
"Tush! that's our best chance," returned he, dropping his odious leer for a gloomier expression; "we are asked here for six weeks—three of 'em are gone and our work is not yet half done. We must hasten through with it, under done. We must nasten through when he didectory of these thirteen strangers, all of whom will share in the suspicion of foul play with us two, if there is any, which I'll go bail there won't be, if my head does not fail me. Trust me for clean-cut scheming!"
"What do you propose?" muttered Godiva,

"What do you propose?" muttered Godiva, her eyes on the ground.
"Nothing yet; I want you to help me to devise a plan. You've been sharp as a razor, and quick as a rat thus far, and I'm sure you can help now if you want to. The will is made, Rufus and Gavaine Marshall are named co-heirs, with a large bequest to his beloved relative, Godiva Montacute. His nephew Geoffrey was never in such vile repute as he is now, thanks to my constant prayers on his behalf. Ha! ha! which give me such an excellent opportunity to enumerate his incredible iniquities and insolent revilings of his uncle; Derwent will never again be worked up to such a pitch of indigna-tion against Kilmyre, who may turn compunc-tious and come back any day, to the utter ruin f all our schemes; for all we can do is but a passing influence, which one sight of him will dispel; don't you see, my girl, that we must strike while the iron is hot!"

But your acquaintanceship with him is such All the better for us. Who would believe that we could gain an ascendancy over such a man as Derwent in such a short time? Come,

How can I?" muttered she, turning paler. "You hav'n't lived for ten years in his daily presence without knowing all about his habits, his constitution, his little mental traits, and so Through these you can suggest some safe

I scarcely see how; put any questions; I shall answer what I can."
"Well, about his habits. Has he any out-ofthe-way habit that might be twisted to our advantage, should we wish him to—to be suddenly

Yes-I know-. He does not walk in his sleep; he does not drink to excess. He has no extraordinary habits whatever that I know of." "Hem. Let me see. Never wanders about cemote parts of the domains at queer hours, eh? Nor sits up nights in that library of his with the windows gaping on the lawn? No? Well, let's vindows gaping on the lawn? No? Well, let's examine his health. Always has been as we see

nim, hale and strong?"
"Always. His life is so intelligently arranged. ust enough physical exercise, just enough men-al—that he has not one ailment that I have ever leard of. He is a calm man, no consuming passions, temperate in everything, tranquil; content, I should say, if ever man was so. No. here is no suggestion to be got out of his

Monica, the unknown daughter of the man so described, in spite of the crawling pity and hor-or with which she heard him discussed by these wo embryo murderers, felt here a sudden ur ising of the heart against him; remembering he hard and piteous life of his abandoned wife, was it not natural that she should wince from the serene picture of his?

Meantime Rufus was smothering execrations

on the wise Master of Dornoch-Weald.

"If it mattered to nobody he'd be drinking himself dead," he snarled, "or walking on the roof every stormy night. Well, let's hear about his mental peculiarities."

He has none. "He has none."
"Con—found it! He must have some, girl."
"Perhaps—I know of none. Suggest."
"Has he no superstition—no belief in some old family wraith."
"Ha! ha! ha! How little you know that

lucid, powerful mind! No, certainly not."
"No antipathy—to fruit—flower—state of weather—peculiar character? Think, Godiva, think hard! Out of any one of these I might

weave my purpose."

"No, no, no. Yet—stay—has he not imagination—a most vivid and original imagination?
Yes! And, added to it, a peculiar susceptibility of organization. Yes, he has that."

"I scarcely understand. Instance."

"Wall he is one of those ultra, sensitive Well, he is one of those ultra sensitive uple, that if one got him to believe himself ill of a fatal disease—or poisoned—or infected with a plague—I think he would actually die,

not of fear, but of the vividness of his realiza-Don't say any more-let me think," mutfeet, anything but a dignified figure to be watched by the lowering eyes of his accomplice.

Monica, in her hiding place, was biting her lips and clinching her hands to keep from screamng or fainting in her horror; and yet how strangely peaceful seemed the silvery shimmer of this morning under the lace-work of boughs, with the turrets of the Weald peering through

How fatally fair this woman-how impishly How latenty tall crafty this man! Could any mortal stop their intended crime more than he might mar the inexorable beauty

the morn? Monica writhed in sickening agony. She had come here, she too, with vengeance in her heart against Otto Derwent. Heavens! was she in the ame boat with these demons He who had been clasped in her mother's arms

He who had been clasped in her mother's arms—her father—foully murdered.

"Oh, God—let me save him!" went up from the daughter's soul in a mute cry, and then a great calm fell upon her, and she cleared the mists from her falnting eyes, and looked again. The guilty ones were facing each other once more; she white, quivering, the very picture of terrified evil—he corpse-like and contorted, with a fearful wizard-like exultation on his ugly colorless visage. Both glaring at each other olorless visage. Both glaring at each other

ike wolves.
"Well?" groaned Godiva, hollowly. "I know what I'm going to do."
(To be continued—commenced in No. 389.)

> PEACE BY E. E. T.

What tranquil peace and quietness We feel, as from the bed of pain We rise, and through the meadows take Our old accustomed walk again.

How bright the sky! how pure the air!
How odorous seems the balmy breeze!
The feathered songsters seem to thrill
With melody the very trees.

Sweet, blessed peace! that thou might'st stay We fain would wish. Oh, world of care, We would that thou wert far away, And heavenly quiet everywhere!

# Detective Dick:

THE HERO IN RAGS.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, AUTHOR OF "WILLFUL WILL," "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX. A MEETING ON THE STAIRS. "One moment, Miss Andrews," called Harry Spenser, as he quickly followed her from the room of the detectives. "I shall not de-

tain you more than a minute. But I must speak with you." She turned a somewhat fearful face toward him and said:

"Perhaps it is not best, Mr. Spenser."
"And why not? You do not believe me riminal?"

"No! no! I know you are not." "Come into the parlor a moment," he said, aking her irresolute hand. Helen's fingers rested softly in his close

ofa, finding no room for himself except very near her. She quietly withdrew her hand as she

"And now, Mr. Spenser?" "Is it fair to ask what your errand was with the officers? "I would rather not refer to it."

"It concerned me, I know. You wished to inquire about me, you could have had no other 'And if I did? Was it more than common

friendliness?" She had unwittingly asked a leading question, to which he hastened to reply: Ves it was more much

I believe—I hope—why should you interest yourself in me? And that is not all.' What more is there?" "You would have concealed it from me

It was but by chance that I heard of it. "Of what, Mr. Spenser?" "Of the fact that I owe my liberty to you,"

he cried enthusiastically. "I have learned that you are the unknown friend who provided my bail. O, Helen, can I ever repay you for this act of kindness?"

"I could not bear to see my music teacher go to prison," she softly replied "If he had he would have made his prison a palace with thoughts of you," was his warm answer, as he sought to possess himself again of her reluctant hand. "Your belief in my

innocence; your kind, dear trust in me-"I had no reason to doubt you," she replied. "You must not make a virtue of so slight a trustfulness. "It is not that alone," he began, but she in-

terrupted him, by saying: I must be going now, Mr. Spenser." "Give me but a moment more. I was unwittingly an eaves-dropper just now. I heard ou speak of Mr. Williamson.

Yes," she doubtfully replied. "Is he indeed my enemy? Why is he so? "I cannot answer.

"I know him well. He is always so pleasant to me. Why I met him but yesterday, and he was as genial as ever."

Then he is a hypocrite!" she exclaimed, 'for he has sought to injure you in my estimation. He has spoken of you as—" she hesitated, and became silent.

"I know what you mean," he quietly replied. "He refers to a matter which I have had no occasion to mention to you, though I might have been sure some of my kind friends would. I am a gentleman, Miss Andrews, if

there is a shadow of doubt upon my birth. "I know it!" she hastily replied. it well. Far be it from me to permit that to influence me against you. Worth, with me, is better than birth.

Her rapid disclaimer gratified him. "Mr. Williamson is a suitor of yours?" "Yes," was the reluctant reply. "Not a favored one?"

"You are asking too much, sir." "I know he is not!" was his eager rejoinder I know it is jealous spite that is influencing nim against me. He knew of your lessons with me. He knew—" he paused irresolutely

then quickly continued, "He knew that loved you! Is that all he knew? Had he rea "He knew that on to imagine that I loved you not in vain? He was bending eagerly over her, looking into the depths of her troubled eyes.

She attempted to rise, saying in a trembling one: "You must let me go. It is time I was at home. He caught her hand and forced her to sit

"I do not ask you to say anything; not a word," he protested. "Far be it from me to

my enemies are striving to crush me.

cannot help saying that I love you-love you with every fiber of my being, every pulse of my soul! And if the prison cell should await me I would go there with you in my soul, yielding the luster of a heaven to the barest

lungeon walls." She made no answer, but suffered her hand o rest in his for several minutes, her face pale nd with a scared look. Then an expression resolution came upon it, and she firmly said: "While your foes are striving to crush you

s not the time for your friends to desert you. Yet I cannot speak now. I can only say that am not deeply offended at what you have She rose and quietly departed, he accompanying her to the door with a face of supreme

present and return to the parlor where Mrs. Milton had just announced herself to the two

They were somewhat startled on discovering who their lady-visitor was, particularly as it instantly occurred to their minds how illy prepared they were with the information she was likely to desire.

"I did not suppose that you would know of my inquiries," stammered Will Frazer, "or that you would come to Philadelphia on so slight a hope.'

I would go to the ends of the earth on as slight a hope," she responded, with deep feeling. "I heard of the inquiries that were being made. I made your agents tell me their purpose. I learned from them that they were employed by you, and that they personally knew nothing. There were hopes of the recovery of my dear, lost son. O, sirs! can you wonder that I hastened here? I that love him with a consuming love! I that have mourned

him as worse than dead!' Her voice shrilled and trembled with the strong feeling that moved her; her eyes looked up with the most heartfelt appeal to the officers. Jack Bounce twisted himself uneasily in his

chair. "I wish we could help you, madam," he blurted out hastily. "I wish we knew more concerning your loss—"

"But you know something? You can help me to some clue?" was her eager interruption. Will Frazer cast a look of angry warning at Jack, as if he would have said: "You are entirely too communicative. You should have helped me work up this case and made what

there is in it." But Jack was too much moved by the mother's emotion to care for the hard looks of his associate.

"We are working in this matter for another party," he declared. "You must be aware, Mrs. Milton, that the story of your loss has been widely known. There may be many seeking to take advantage of your desire to find your lost son. Only the most positive

evidence should be accepted." "I know that," she somewhat impatiently answered. "The efforts you speak of have been made. And yet I have a feeling, an impression, that this time the true claimant will arise. The very air seems to me full of the presence of my lost son. I know that he is to

be restored to me." "I sincerely hope so," said Jack. "I am grasp as he drew her forward to a seat on the given to following up impressions. It is never safe to neglect them.

"But you have yet told me nothing. You know something! You must know much! O, sirs, do not keep me in suspense." "Yet we shall have to ask you to wait a few days," put in Will, with a sign to Jack, which the latter had no eyes to see. "We are working up the case. We hope soon to have important information. We wrote to Boston

simply to know if our investigations were worth continuing. "Could you doubt it? But you know not how I loved, how I have mourned my son. am rich. I can well reward those who help

me. You shall not find me ungrateful." "We are not working for mone ton," said Jack, in utter disregard of all Will's "There is a party who employed us to write that letter. He is not here at present, nor do we have the most remote idea where he is. He may be here to-morrow. It may be a week before we see him. In the meantime we are quite ignorant of his purpose in writing."
"Is he so secretive?" she asked, disappointed.

"He is but a boy. But he is a boy that prides himself in keeping his own secrets and in playing his own games

And I must wait, then?" "It cannot be avoided," replied Jack. "Nor have I any idea how much the boy really knows. Be kind enough to leave us your ad dress. We will communicate with you as

soon as we have seen him." "I am stopping at the Continental. But I shall come and see you every day. I shall not be able to endure waiting to hear from you. Who is this lad that knows so much; and that is able to employ experienced detectives?" The two officers looked at each other, while

a comical smile passed between them. You would be surprised to see him," responded Jack. "He is a veritable street gamin. How he learned anything about this matter the Lord only knows. But he is just as sharp as a steel-trap, and I would rather trust him "I am glad to hear what you say. He is

"So far as I know, Mrs. Milton. I would not like to vouch for any one; not even myself, farther than my experience goes. "I must wait then," she sighed, rising. "I had hoped more from this interview.

honest then?"

too much, perhaps. The ill of a life-time is not to be cured in a day. The old sad lines returned about her mouth, whence they had been driven by her energy and hopelessness 'Be sure we will do all we can, Mrs. Milton."

declared Jack, as he saw her to the door, and closed it carefully behind her. Will Frazer's eyes were full of the fire of vexation, as he looked up at his quiet-spoken associate.

Well, I never saw you display such lack of mother wit before," he angrily exclaimed. 'A case like this, that might have had hundreds of dollars in it, thousands, perhaps; and to be flung away by the sharp-witted Jack Bounce, as if it were an apple-woman's trouble. And he takes it out of my hands whenever I attempt to check him in his childish inno-

"Are you through, Will?" asked Jack, quietly "I think I have expressed myself rather

plainly."
"Yes, rather. Don't fancy, Will, that I did not know what you were after. I simply declined taking a hand in any such game, or permitting you to play it. It may be well enough to please fools and knaves. But there are emotions and misfortunes before which even a detective must grow human. Before force you to any declaration of your senti-ments while this doubt hangs over me, while honest with that poor mother, with twenty But, I years of mourning for her lost child, worn like

# WATURDAY ROUBAKA

a cloak of sadness about her, I would jump into the Schuylkill, and put an end to Jack Bounce at one bounce. That is my answer, Will had no answer to make, but seemed

full of deep thought. Meanwhile, Miss Milton went slowly downstairs. Near the bottom of the stairs she met young gentleman coming up.

She lifted her head in a heavy manner, and encountered a pair of brown eyes fixed earnestly upon her. A strange feeling affected her as she looked eagerly into the face before

It was unknown to her, yet there was some thing that set her brain in a whirl which it had not known for many days. Who was it? To whom did those eyes belong? she asked herself continually, as the handsome face photographed itself on her brain, like a picture from that far past in which all the joy of her life resided.

And Harry Spenser went up the stairs with a feeling like that of the mariner, who has caught a fleeting glimpse of the Fortunate Islands, on which fate forbids him to land.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

DICK'S CAT GETTING OUT OF THE BAG. MR. WILLIAMSON was taking a quiet stroll in Chestnut street that same afternoon when his quick eyes encountered a face that gave him a sudden start. He looked again keenly into the fine but sad womanly features before

He then quietly turned away, as if not wish ing to be seen himself, and affected to be deeply interested in a store-window.

"She here!" he said to himself, in deep sur-What could have brought her from Boston? She who has been almost a hermit. I can think of but one cause: some new illusion about her son.

He followed her until he saw her enter the Continental Hotel.

"So far well," he thought. "She is safe for the present, but I must know what her ob-She cannot be on the true track? Yet who knows? The best-made work may drop to pieces from the loss of a screw. I wish Parker was here now. There seems to be some bad luck about everything in which that fellow is engaged. I must write to him at once. And now I had best see Mother Ship-

This resolution was suddenly taken, and he turned with a rapid step to execute it. Sharp as he was, he had failed to observe two persons who had watched the whole by-play of cent movements. One of these was Ned Hogan, with his sign hung out in the shape of his inevitable meershaum. The other was Dick Darling, as well marked by a peculiar feature of his attire. The frequent wettings his new suit had received had proved too much for its powers of resistance. It had shrunk upon him until now the clothes seemed a part of his skin, and the unsolved mystery was how he had got into them, and how he was ever going to get out of them. Dick could not have answered himself, as he had not been out of his clothes since his last two dips overboard.

"Now's our time," he said quickly. cove's my game. Wish I knowed who the woman was. Let's arter him; I think there's somethin' afloat."

"Who is he, Dick?" asked Hogan, anxiously, as he followed the eager boy down the opposite side of the street to that pursued by

'He's the bit of bacon that I've got in my pickle barrel, and that I'm going to salt down, sure. I won't sell nobody that I ain't bought and paid for, Hogan, but I kalkerlate I'll soon

own this chap." "Is he one of the men whom you fancy to be connected with the counterfeiting business? "Yes. And with another bizness that's about as deep and wide. It's gettin' ripe. I'll

day or two now." hope you are not making a fool of me varned Hogan, doubtfully. "If you provingly. are, I'll be burst if I don't smash my pipe over

your thundering busy head." All right, Ned Hogan. I'll give you some p'ints before half-an-hour that mought open your eyes. Wait till we hole our game. Did you ever see sich a fit as them trowsers?"

Dick indeed had some trouble in his locomo tion in consequence of his excessively tight fit. Hogan laughed as he looked down at the boy's attenuated legs.

How are you ever going to get them off, Dick?"

"That's what's a-troublin' me," confessed ck, dubiously. "Feared I'll have to be Dick, dubiously. melted down and run outer them. They had now kept within full view of Wil-

liamson for several squares. The streets here became less frequented and they found it advisable to fall further back, barely keeping him in sight. "We are on the track of somethin"," an-

"I've followed this cove nounced Dick. twenty times afore, and I've noticed whenever he's on some deep lay, he's jist as cautious as a fox. Look how he keeps his eyes goin'. He cotched me once at it. Bet he don't again. They were now in a very disreputable part

of the city. There were here a number of small streets noted for the horrible filth and iniquity of their inmates—the leprous spot in a great city. Williamson turned quickly into one of these

streets, after glancing warily around. His two pursuers ran rapidly forward to the corner of the street in which he had disappeared. He was just entering a tumble-down frame house-or hut would be a better name-about

half-way down the street. You stay here, Dick," said Hogan. will find out who lives there." He advanced and entered into conversation

with the officer who had charge of this very unpleasant beat. It was ten minutes before he returned. I'll swear I don't know what a well-

dressed man like him wants in such a hole," he averred. Mebbe I know who lives there!" answered

"Oh, an outrageous old crone, whom the folks in these parts christen Mother Shipton. She makes her money by begging, or generally sending some baby out to whine for her. She is said to be never short of a new baby, if | me on his track." one happens to drop off.'

'Then she's my meat!" cried Dick, joyfully. "It's a hundred-dollar job we've struck to-day. I'll let you inter what I'm arter soon, Hogan. Jist take another short walk with

Ned grew somewhat restive over Dick's persistent mysteriousness. But he was excessively anxious to know what the boy was after, and Dick would not let out a word; so he perforce accompanied him.

Their way led now to Arch street, and ended at the hotel patronized by the government de-

Dick, in his independent manner, of the clerk. red-haired man at Chester," Hogan declared. "I don't know," was that individual's short

answer. "You might find them in their

"Come ahead then, Hogan. I've blazed the way before. "You will find them in the rear parlor on

the second floor," said a waiter who stood near the clerk's desk. "They have company." "Oh, that makes no odds to me," replied Dick. Dick. "If they kin stand the pressure of company, I kin." "Who are these men, Dick?" asked Hogan,

as they ascended the stairs. 'A pair of my detectives." "A pair of what?"

brace of government chaps. You oughter know them. But what do you want with them?"

"Why, you don't kalkerlate I kin put all my obs through with one? Got too much bizness on hand for that. Things is gettin' ripe, Hogan; that's why I'm goin' to interduce you. Want you all now."

Before Hogan could ask any more questions, Dick had abruptly opened the door of the par-lor in question, and walked in, suddenly breaking off a close conference between Harry Spencer and the officers.

"Back ag'in, you see," was his free-and-easy reeting. "How do, Mr. Spencer. Didn't greeting. spect to catch you here." "I wish you had been back a half-hour

oner." said Jack. "What for?—but stop jist a minit. Want to interduce you to Mr. Edward Hogan. He's one of Pinkerton's—Mr. Hogan, this is Mr. Jack Bounce and Mr. Will Frazer; two gen'le-

men in government service. Hope you'll know

This introduction was made with great randiloquence of tone, and a graceful wave f the hand.

Dick, however, hardly gave them time to cknowledge his formal introduction before he was at them again with questions. "What did you want me for a half an hour

'The Boston party-"

"There, that will do. Drop it right there," ejaculated Dick, with a quick glance at Speneer. "The Bosting job will keep. Tain't that we're runnin' now. Got a little pressin' bizness with you officers. Ain't interruptin' you?" he asked Harry.

'No. We were about through," replied the latter, with a smile at Dick's peremptory man-

'When does that little affair come up?" "What little affair?" asked Harry, in sur-

"You oughter know, as long as its your job -that little trial bizness."
"Oh! my trial? Now, I was ridiculous enough to fancy that a matter of some impor-

"Yes; folks will be ridic'lous," was Dick's cool reply. "'Tain't much 'longside some jobs I'm runnin'."

'That trifling affair will take place to-mor row," confessed Harry.
"The blazes it will!" was Dick's energetic answer. "That won't do, no how. Can't you boost her over? Slide her on a few days more?

Spect to have some witnesses for you, but ain't got them ready yet."
"It might be done," returned Harry, smil-"The courts will not stand long over so

small a matter." "Do your purtiest," demanded Dick, posi-vely. "You'll find I ain't in fun. I've got cively. the trumps in my hand to save you from Cherry Hill; but they ain't quite ready to play

"I shall do my best, then, Dick." "All right. Got through your bizness

here? "I think so." "S'pose then you vamose the ranche. I don't like to be imperlite, but I've got some

be ready to knock my apples off the tree in a very private words for these gen'lemens' "It is always better to be asked

out than to be kicked out.' "Don't know 'bout that. Been asked out of places myself in a way that was ten degrees wus than a kick."

As soon as the door closed Dick turned to the officers, who had been much amused by this conversation. "Now let's hear 'bout Bosting," he said.

"Didn't want Harry Spenser to hear it."
"Boston is all right," answered Jack. "Mrs. Milton has been found; and, what is more, she is here now, and excessively anxious to have an interview with you.'

"That's the way with wimmen; they're too cur'us. Why couldn't she stay in Bosting till she was sent for?" "Suppose you were lost, Dick, and your mother was seeking for you. Do you think she could rest quiet and wait our slow move-

ments? "Im feared she'd say it was a mighty good riddance," answered Dick, with a grimace. 'My good p'ints ain't never appreciated.

Hogan laughed heartily at Dick's answer. That is so," he added: "and now how about that business?"

"Wait till we git through with Bosting; one roast tater at a time is 'nough. Jist tell Mrs. Milton that I ain't wisible yit. An' tell her, if she wants to amuse herself waitin', she mought 'tend the trial of one Harry Spenser for counterfeitin'. Tell her to keep her eyes open and see if she reckernises anybody in the

"All right," said Jack.

'And now to biz." He helped himself to a chair beside the enter table, and deliberately drew several papers from his pocket, which he spread out

"Look at that, Ned Hogan. Ever see it afore? ed toward Hogan

It was the torn envelope of a letter he push-"Wny, it is addressed to me," cried the lat-

ter, in surprise. 'That's so. Know the writin'?" "It is familiar. Yes, it is the envelope of the letter I received from Chester, telling me that Harry Spenser would go there the next day, and have a conference with a red haired man. This was the first hint of his being con-

nected with the counterfeiters. The letter put "And the envelope put me on a better track. It was a sharp game they played to send him on a fool's errand to Chester, and you after him; and while he was gone old Sol Sly, of South street, stuffed a pack of counterfeits in his drawers. You see, I twig the whole

game. The officers looked at each other, with the light of a dawning intelligence in their

And how about the medal that you say Sol stole?" asked Will.

"Got it here," responded Dick, tapping his pocket. "Worked a little traverse on them."
"Spenser had a long conference with the red-haired man at Chester," Hogan declared.
"Who had been with him were questioned over and over again, but this was all they could tell. The matter was put into the hands of "Know all about that," interrupted Dick. the police and every effort made to discover

on, what 'twas about.'

"Very well. Come back to the envelope, "You folks oughter be good judges of writin'. Put that and that together, and see what

you make of them."

He pushed an open letter beside the enve-The officers bent closely over them for a

"They are undoubtedly the same handwritng," declared Jack, in a positive manner. There is attempt at disguise here." 'There was in the letter, though," said Dick.

"S'pose he thought nobody's save an old envelope. Didn't know Dick Darling was "Go on, Dick. This is getting interest-

Got a little story to tell you," and Dick, pread himself before the three curious officers. You see I knowed Harry Spenser, and when I seed that letter tryin' to git him snatched, I bet to myself it was writ by one of the gangone that didn't like him. Now I happened in a stationary store in Chestnut street, a day or two afore, when a stranger come in to order some paper. He took some envelopes with him that had a curious water mark. I know they talked a good deal bout it, and he wanted the paper of the same kind. Jist hold that envelope ag'in' the light."

'I see," said Jack: "an eagle with a serpent in his claws." "Precise! Wonder if I won't turn out the eagle and him the snake. When Ned Hogan got the letter, I seed that the envelope looked like the same; so I jist looked through it, and

twigged the eagle and snake."

'And what followed?" "I did-I follered to the stationary store, and follered him off with the paper. shook me, but I got on a lay that pulled me through. I found he were a friend of Sol Sly, and that he were after the same gal with Harry Spenser. And I knowed that jealousy was a reg'lar tiger. Been to the theater, and

"And there got your education in jealousy,"

suggested Jack, with a laugh.
"Got some p'ints," retorted Dick, in a dignified tone. "Well, I got you to write to that gen'leman and 'point a interview. Only wanted his handwritin'. That's it." 'And who is Andrew Williamson?" asked

Will, his eyes full of absorbing interest. "He's a lawyer at Fourth and Walnut. And that ain't all. He's head cook of these ounterfeiters, or else I'm the cheapest sold

Jack that ever went off for a penny. You haven't told all you know?" "Not by a jug full. I'm only waitin' to nail Andy Williamson so tight that the law can't drag him through. I know the headquarters of the gang is at Chester. I know he got a package of notes by express from Chester, which he set adrift on the market. And, finerlly, I know jist where the queer stuff is manufactured, and I'm only waitin' for the gether again in New York. They must have king bee to get in the hive afore I snatch the whole caboodle!"

Dick had risen to his feet as he approached have shamed the best of curb-stone orators. "Well, if this is true," cried Hogan, with excited energy, "I'll be hanged if the boy isn't worth a dozen of us old stagers!"

"True! Got any doubt of it?" asked Dick, appealing to the government officers.
"As you tell it, Dick, I feel as if you are in-

deed on the track," declared Jack Bounce. "I'm on it so sound that a dozen locomotives couldn't knock me off. That's what I spring the trap on the whole gang. And I more, to take a hand in it. Best bring a few ets, and a trifle of gunpowder too.

"I tell you what," put in Will Frazer, quickly, "there's the steam yacht at the Navy I can get the use of that and its Yard.

"That's the dodge!" cried Dick, with a joyful intonation. "Want you to bespeak it this very day. Can't tell tell what night we mought want it. When the iron get's hot we've got to strike. And hard, too.

'All right. I shall see that it is ready "And now, feller-citizens," said Dick, with a comical look at his garments, "I ain't been in the bosom of my family for a week, and ain't had these trowsers off for 'bout the same time. Want to get a good holt with my bootjack up 'bout my waist, and see if I can't

"Those clothes are not fit for you to wear, Dick," suggested Jack, after the laugh had subsided. "Why don't you get a new pair of

"Ain't got no generous friend in the clothin' line, responded Dick. "And money's kinder

run down with me.' "Oh! that's the state of affairs! Here is a ten, Dick. Help yourself to a new rig. Dick took the money with scant thanks, and he departed, leaving the officers in a deep con-

(To be continued—commenced in No. 383.)

# Stories of a Pulman Car.

BY HENRI MONTCALM. III.

KIDNAPPING A KIDNAPPER. [THE DETECTIVE'S STORY.]

My business is (or was) that of a private detective—that is, I get my income by working up cases as you might say "upon my own hook." Sometimes I used to take up a case entirely on my own responsibility, maybe one that had got into the papers and some point of which struck my mind and gave me a clue negotiations for the purchase of certain lands that had escaped the regular detectives; oftener parties applied to me directly, and I have to dispose of. We talked the thing over for not infrequently been successful where the some time, and finally I rose to go, having

case of the latter kind I am going to tell you. Here are the circumstances: A gentleman doing business in the city, but living with his family (consisting of an elegant and accomplished wife and a beautiful little boy) on a fine country place up the river. came home one evening to find the lady nearly distracted over the loss of her child. The lit tle fellow had disappeared that afternoon and inquiry revealed the fact that he had been persuaded away from his companions by a gentle man who was cross-eved and who had taken him out on the river for a row. The children

"'T weren't counterfeitin'. Tell you sometime, the child, but months had already passed and

Mr. Stuart came to me himself one morning just as I was leaving my house. He looked pale and careworn. Plainly the suspense he was in about the child was wearing upon him. "If I could only know definitely that Arthur was dead," he said, "I think it would be a relief. But this suspense is terrible. It will kill my poor wife." Then he fairly broke down and there were tears in his eyes as he continued, "Only find my child for me, Mr. Brockton, and I'll give you any sum you name; even prove to me that he is dead and I

will be thankful "

The case had interested me from the begin ning, and I took it up willingly. I made Mr. Stuart go over the whole thing with me, omitting not the slightest particular. Then I went up with him to his country place and collected very bit of evidence I could find there. All was just as it had been stated already to the regular police; only I got hold of some little additional testimony that had escaped them. I had inquired in the neighborhood what was the nearest place to hire a row-boat, and was told I could get one only by going five miles up the river. By questioning one of the children more intelligent than the rest, I learned that the cross-eyed gentleman had come from up the river and that his boat had a blue streak on it. Off I went up the river to Plimpsoll's landing where I had been directed. Of old Plimpsoll I learned that he had had a boat with a blue streak, but had disposed of it some weeks before. He did not remember having let it out at the time of the kidnapping, but directed me to his son. Plimpsoll, jr., was a stupid kind of fellow, and I despaired of getting any information of importance from him, To my surprise, however, no sooner did I put the question about the boat than he flushed up suddenly and then declared he remembered nothing about it. I said nothing more, but when he went out presently, I followed him and accused him up and down of having kept back something. "Well, so I did," he an-swered at once, "and if it's anything to you I'd just as lief tell you, only you mustn't let on to the old man. There was just such a gent you describe took the boat one afternoon last June. The reason I denied it was because he overpaid me, and I kept the money myself.

"What did he give you?" I asked.
"He gave me two dollars—two brand-new one-dollar bills. I remember well wondering how he came by two ones, evidently just out of a bank away out in an Iowa town.

"Do you remember the name of the town?"
"No; but I should if I heard it spoken." I took him across the street to the Post-Office, asked for a list of the established Post Offices, and read over to him those in Iowa. When I came to C—— he stopped me at once

and said that was the place, sure. This was all the extra information I ob tained; but to my mind it was important. Two small bills, issued by a bank in a distant town, travelled from C- together, and to my mind it was more than probable that the man in whose possession they were in in New York this climax, and his last sentence was given with a grandiloquent eloquence that would True, he might have received them from some was he who had brought them from Iowa. body else, just as young Plimpsoll did; but I chose not to think so. In a case so blind and baffling, even so slight a clue as this was not to be despised. I resolved to set off for Conce—on a wild-goose chase, probably; but it was the only chance that seemed to offer. Mr. Stuart agreed with me that the clue should be followed up, though he had little hope of my

That very night I started West; three days want Spenser's trial put off for. Want to later, early in the morning, I crossed the Miswait till Williamson goes to Chester, and then sissippi into Iowa, and stopping at D—— just the only respectable hotel in the place, engaging a room for an indefinite period—saying that I might be there a day or a week.

The next forenoon I called upon the Mayor, epresenting myself as having some money which I thought of investing in Iowa lands. He took me out in his buggy to view the country, and as we were coming back at my reques ve stopped at the only bank in the place. While standing there chatting with the cashier I said carelessly, "By the way, Mr. Ringold, I met a gentleman in the train the other dayindeed, it was he who induced me to come to C-, and he recommended your bank to me, and spoke very highly of yourself as well-deyou know who he could have been-a welldressed, gentlemanly looking person, but badly cross-eyed? He told me his name, but I forge it now. He spoke of having land to dispose

"Oh, you mean Jeffries," replied the cashier "He flatters us all, right and left. didn't know he was round here just now. doesn't belong here-visits his sister. Mrs. Hammond, quite frequently, though. It must be land of hers that he has for sale.

"When did you see him last?" "He was here a while in July. I believe he had some kind of domestic trouble, and separated from his wife. He came here to put his little boy under his sister's care.

I saw that Mr. Kingold's curiosity was on the point of being roused, so I changed the subject as well as I could, But I had heard ed to you." enough to assure me that I was in all probability on the right track.

I lost no time in cultivating Mrs. Hammond's acquaintance. I learned that she was a widow, living alone with her little nephew and one servant. I took good care to go to the Recorder's office and post myself about her property; then I presented myself to her front gate

I found Mrs. Hammond to be a perfect lady. and I had not talked with her five minutes be fore I made up my mind that, if there was an fraud, she was no party to it. I stated my pretended business, and actually entered int which I had already learned she was anxious professionals had entirely failed. It is about made an appointment to see her again on the Just as I reached the door, I turned gain and inquired if a certain Mr. Jeffries whom I had met recently in New York was not her brother. She answered that he was, She seemed surprised. about four weeks ago. Why, that can hardly be," she said. "He has been at Salt Lake City since the middle of July, engaged with a mine in which he is in-

think of it, it must have been in June that I met Mr. Jeffries.

'Oh, yes," she said, "he was East in June, coat-tails. but had not been since then."

I was just turning a second time to go, when, to my great satisfaction, a childish voice was heard in the other room, and then a door opened and there appeared to my delighted eyes—Arthur Stuart

I had never seen the boy in my life, but I knew him at once from the photograph in my possession. I waited for no more, but hurried away, congratulating myself upon having thus readily, and I might say providentially, traced the stolen child, and looking forward with pardonable pride and satisfaction to the moment when I should restore him to his afflicted

I went back to the hotel and telegraphed at once to Roberts. Roberts was my right-hand man, for in my business, you know, one can't always work alone. You can't be in two places at once. I told him to come on at once. What I wanted of him was to watch Arthur Stuart, while I went after Jeffries. My first impulse had been to take the boy at once back to his father. But if I did that, Jeffries would probably be informed of it, and I should lose him. So I sent for Roberts to stay by the poy and say nothing, while I went on to Salt

A week after this I found myself in a little town, right in the center of the mining district to the south of Brigham Young's imperial city. I had no difficulty at all in getting my eye on my man, but a great deal in putting my hand on him. He had a mine down there, was told, and with a gang of men, worked it himself. He very rarely, if ever, came up to town. So at first I cautiously went down in the character of a gentleman traveling for

pleasure, and inspecting the country Jeffries was pointed out to me, and I recog-

nized him without difficulty. He certainly was a gentlemanly-looking fellow in spite of his rough clothes and crossed eyes. I introduced myself, and found him a very agreeable fellow, too; indeed, I took quite a fancy to him. He seemed to understand mining as well as kidnapping, and was evi-dently doing well there. He had about thirty rough-looking fellows of all dispositions and nationalities with him, and I noticed that they were uniformly respectful and obedient to This had evidently been brought about him. by his firmness and kindness of manner. He was very popular, and I began to wonder how would be able to get him away from such a

devoted lot of men, without a row. They were a lawless set, enough, generally, and no doubt would have stood by him to the death if he had called upon them. A remark of his, which I overheard, suggested an easy way out of the difficulty. I heard him ask a man who drove up if he knew of a real, firstclass bargain in horse-flesh. He wanted a norse—and a good one—that would ride both to saddle and wagon. The man answered that

he would be on the lookout. When I got back to town I immediately proceeded to do two things necessary to my purpose. I went to a justice of the peace and wore out a warrant for Jeffries' arrest, enjoining the officer to keep perfectly still until I could nab him; and I went to an influential man of the town, whom I had noticed driving a fine black horse about, and telling him the whole story, and showing him letters that were satisfactory, I prevailed upon him to assist me, and we drove out to the mines again the next

When we had found Jeffries, Mr. Murray the gentleman who owned the black horse) said that he had heard that he (Jeffries) wanted a horse, and he would like to sell him his The black was certainly a very beautiful animal, and Jeffries walked about him and examined him for a long while, in evident admiration. Finally he asked the price. Mr. Murray named a price considerably below the real value of the horse-at which Jeffries' eyes long enough to see a lawyer to whom I had danced, and he proposed trying him. So, as I want you three folks, and about half-a-dozen letters, and to get an introduction from him to had instructed him, Mr. Murray got out of the Mayor of C-, I pushed on that very the buggy and Jeffries got in, and taking the reins drove off with me at a fast one of the principal railroads. It was late at trot a mile or so up the road toward night when I got there, and I went straight to town. When he was about to turn around, I coolly produced a pair of handcuffs and revolver, and requested him to keep on toward town. He looked up at me, evidently vexed, but not much astonished. essional rogue is never astonished at the sight of a pair of wristlets, no matter when you

show 'em to him. "Well," he said, at length, "who are you, anyhow, and what do you want me for?" I want you for kidnapping," I answered,

"May I ask your name?" "Brockton, of New York, private detec-

"Well, Brockton of New York, private detective, let me congratulate you. struck a gold mine. Let me go, and I'll tell you where the boy is, and Stuart will give you fifty thousand dollars for him. I had intendd to collect that amount myself, but this

little contretemps makes it impossible."
"Thank you," I said; "but I found the boy

"At C-, Iowa." He uttered a very round oath, indeed, then "Well, Brockton, if you'll leave me alone

I'll give you twenty thousand dollars. I'm turning out two tho, and dollars a day here, and I swear I hate to leave it." "Thank you again, Mr. Jeffries, but I think I'd rather have you; I'm getting rather attach-

cried Mr. Jeffries, sullenly, and never said another word all the way to town. Not long after that Roberts and I took the boy, and Jeffries, too, back East with us, and a pappier man I never saw than Mr. Stuart was

"Then take me, and be hanged to you,"

when he met us at the depot. And you may be sure I never had a job that aid me better than that kidnapping business. (To be continued—commenced in No. 388.)

THE London Mayfair has a story about the manager of an aquarium. His wife induced him to go to church, where he fell asleep. The ninister was reading the first lesson of the day, which happened to be the first chapter of the Book of Ezekiel. As he proceeded in the description of the wonderful beast which the prophet saw in the land of the Chaldeans, by the river Chebar, the aquarium manager moved uneasily in his seat. "Every one had four faces, and every one had four wings." The and asked when I had met him there. I said aquarium manager rubbed his eyes, and the did not recollect exactly, but believed it was preacher went on, "And they had the hands of a man under their wings on their four sides, and they four had their faces and their wings. The aquarium manager was now wide awake. 'As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a man and the face of a lion on This was just what I wanted to know. I the right side, and they four had the face of an corrected myself by saying that, now I came ox on the left side. They four also had the face of an eagle." The aquarium manager was now standing up, his wife vainly pulling at his "Name your own price," he cried; 'I will take the thing."



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It is a story for all to read and enjoy thor oughly, and will be rated one of the best serials of the year.

### Sunshine Papers.

### Where the Difference Is.

THERE is a radical difference, somewhere between the moral characteristics of men and women; and I am inclined to believe that it may be explained by accepting the hypothesis of a preponderance of soul on the male side Women have nerves, and feelings, and whims, and creeds, and presentiments; but souls-bah Any man of ordinary intelligence has more soul than six women of his same grade in life!

Now, mind, I am speaking of men and wo men as two distinct bodies; not of them indi vidually: exceptions prove rules good, and no doubt, an occasional whole-souled, generous, liberal, large-spirited woman does exist; but, dealing in generalities, how do women com pare with men in all those moral attributes that prove the existence of a genial, loyal, unselfish, kindly spirit?

Ask a woman if she thinks another woman eautiful, or attractive, or lovable, or good. Will she concede the point, freely, warmly unhesitatingly? Never! A feminine soul is too narrow to concede unqualified praise to one of its own sex; if praise is awarded at all it will be with a "but" in the case. Oh, yes; she is nice, but ... To find a woman who has good taste, or is accomplished, or is entertaining, never inquire of a woman; you will be sure not to hear the truth. As man concerning a man, and instead of hearing him defamed, or spoken of with suggestive indifference or contempt, you will get a just description or a flattered one. Men have among their own sex their warmest defenders and admirers; for they are not afraid to acknowledge of each other the possession of beauty, brains, and uprightness.

Has a woman who has committed any moral or social misdemeanor, ever a chance to redeem her past, however sincere her repentance may be? Never! The stain must always cling to her, and blight her every effort to regain position and success and respect, for no one of her own sex who has ever heard of her, will allow her to forget it. And if she seek to live among strangers the purer future she could not attain among acquaintances, and a breath of her past float to the ears of her neighbors, she is immediately crushed with womanly scorn and unkindness. Men would help her, and accord her the restored favor and charity she seeks, but man's esteem is only a detrimental element when their wives and daughters refuse to countenance their divine generosity.

But a man can come back to the social world from the walls of a prison, the stain of cold, calculating, deliberate crime attached to his name, and find his brother men ready to "give him another chance." There will be open roads to every kind of success awaiting the man who has erred, for he deals with men, and men have souls; but the woman who has once deviated from the straight path of probity and honor had better pray for Divine compassion and speedy death; women are her the record; but if not, at midnight he seals it, judges and foes, and there can be none so mer- and the beloved angel on the right shoulder ciless and cruel.

Was there ever, between women, such friendhips as exist between men and men? A man ho is a man's friend once, is always to a de ree, held in sacred memory. He may be dis-byal, but he will be defended and his faults orgotten. But, let a woman offend her wo-nan friend, and no confidences that have ever passed between them but will be violated and nisrepresented, and no hatred will be more

Do vou displease a man, a friend or em loyer, he says what there is to say upon the abject, and the matter is put away and forotten: but if you cross the will or pleasure of a woman she makes you as uncomfortable as possible, as long as possible, and never forgets the circumstance, but uses it as an effectual aunt on every succeeding occasion of differ-

This strange disparity between men and vomen, as regard their moral attributes, must, repeat, arise from a lack of soul in the femiine sex, which renders it impossible for them o rise above petty jealousies, envyings, mean nesses, and bigotries. But having found the cause of the difference, who will attempt a cure? A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

#### A NEICHBORLY NEICHBOR.

HAVING told you of my unneighborly eighbor, it is but just to introduce her oppo site, and show that the remembrance of kind ness and gentleness to a child will live as long as those of a contrary nature. My neighborly neighbor was, to me, one of the comforts of my young life. She seemed to believe in children, and that they had their rights as well as grown people. She always treated me as though I was of some consequence in the vorld—was always glad to see me—and made ny visits to her so pleasant that I was ever glad to go again.

She didn't "snub" me. I never liked to have people "snub." me. I don t now!

She was poor, but she wasn't continually and eternally growling over that poverty, as though every one in created nature was to blame for it. And she was thankful for all that was given her. "Just exactly what I wanted," was always her pleasant reply upon receiving a gift, and surely, to hear such pleasant words uttered in so pleasant a manner, were thanks enough.

She always seemed to enter into my joys and sorrows—children do have their sorrows -and would tell me of the days when she was young. She seldom gave advice, but when she did it was good, sound, sensible and practicable. She wanted to persuade, rather than to drive people into good behavior. She was a sufferer at times from severe sickness, and when people would visit her, with coffin-like faces, and drone forth on the miseries of life and the afflictions put upon humanity, she would appear to draw the coffin-nails out by saying, "Well, let us not complain; it will not last forever."

No, it will not last forever! There will suffering, sin or poverty; but it will be in a brighter world than this.

My neighborly neighbor believed in the beauties of the world. She could love poetry, music and painting without considering such things beyond her reach because she was poor, and she could love flowers without being accused of making idols of them.

She was religious, but her religion did not teach her that she was better than anyone else; it did not teach her that God would chide her because her disposition was cheerful and her heart was full of merriment-merriment that does not mean foolishness.

hing concerning this dear friend of my childhood. She had never been married. Yes, the fire yourself and put into the oven to bake she was an "old-maid," and that must go to I was raised six feet on that kind of cakeprove that some old-maids can be as happy as pone my honor. wives and mothers. You may think she tented, and content is happiness, you must acknowledge: are all wives contented? I don't think riches would have made her more contented. So, my dear friends, don't be too hasty to get rich and to get married. Poverty and old-maidism are not the worst things in this world; they do not contribute all the misery of this mundane sphere any more than wealth and matrimony are certain to insure the happiness of mortality.

My friend made but few visits, for the state of her health would not allow her to do so, but when she did make them they were pleasant ones, for she wasn't always finding fault. She entered into another's feelings at once, and never found fault with the bridge that carried ner over. I used to think if she was so beau tiful in her old age, what must she have been in her youth. Maybe it was her disposition that made her face seem so beautiful to me. A sour disposition makes a sour face, I think,

and vice versa, don't you think so? When she died I felt grieved for my loss but glad for her gain. I have never had any but leasant thoughts of her, since some of the most pleasant hours of my life were passed in her company. Had she lived, she would have been a very old woman now, but to me she

would never seem older. She had naught to leave but her good name, but I wish I could have inherited her disposi tion, so that, as I go down the incline of life. shall be as patient, willing and resigned as she was.

Her name? It is written in the great Book of Life, in the Heaven where I hope you and I will see it, some day. I know it must be among the brightest on the pages. always seemed to me to belong more to Heaven than to earth, hence I name it not. It is her disposition I want you to have.

How great a contrast I can see between my wo neighbors—the unneighborly and neighborly. Of all memories none are more disa greeable than the former, and none more sweet than the latter, for it was her life that was worth the living.

Ah, if we would lead as good a one, it would be better for the world, yourself and

A TRAVELER, who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable which was told him by a dervish, and it seems even more beautiful than Sterne's beautiful figure of the accusing spirit and recording angel. "Every man," said the dervish, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and one on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is well done is well done forever. When he does evil he waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows his head and exclaims: 'Gracious Allah, I have sinned, forgive me!' the angel rubs out weeps."

### Foolscap Papers.

Cook Book.

Among my recent valuable contributions to iterature my new Cook Book is the best. It s very highly exciting, and is selling at the rate of ten hundred to the thousand, or as fast as booksellers can make the change. It is cer-tainly one of the blessings of the age. Everything that a hungry soul needs is to be found there, and if starving tramps can only get hold of the book they are amply satisfied. The mere reading of it is as good as a feast, Landadies have ordered dozens of copies of it and are making more money than ever. All they have to do is to put one at each plate and there s no need of scraping up hash. The boarders ake their seats at the table, open the book and begin to read—they read until they are satis ed and then go away picking their teeth, with more in their stomachs than they have been in the habit of having. The landlady oes not charge them extra either, and they ave assured me that as yet they have had but few thoughts of raising the board soon.

Such charming reading does this book afford that it has almost stopped the sale of exciting novels and romances, and people are so anxious to get it that some of them actually steal it.

I am afraid I will have much to answer for for that book. The powers in the present European war have ordered barrels of the books xpressly for the commissary departments Industrious young ladies lay aside their work at the piano just to read it, and wives almost neglect to sew a button on, or darn a sock in

heir avidity to gobble it. This book is excellent when cold, and differs in many respects from all other cook books, and will not spoil in any climate. It is bound in veal. One copy, three dollars; two copies ten dollars; three copies, twenty dollars; no opy, thirty dollars. Agents · wanted. undred dollars a day made in your own town.

I offer a few of the extracts. These receipts are all practicable, as I gathered them up while poarding around. They all are warranted to cure the worst case of dyspepsia in two min-utes, and one man writes that the book gave his poor relatives all such appetites that he

is now raving mad.

To Make Hash.—Borrow fifty cents and

get a reast of beef for once in your life. Order our husband to make a hot fire in the kitchen Chase the kittens out and put the meat on to boil; dance at the looking-glass to see how much you have changed for the better since you looked at yourself the last time; put more wood in the stove and look over the latest fashion magazine; lie down and take a short nap, and wake up and thrash the children; peel some potatoes, and ask your husband about that new dress which he has not promised yet. Try the meat with a fork; if done, cut off a good slice and eat it. Take the meat out, put in wooden bowl with the potatoes, hunt all over the house for chopping-knife send your husband out to saw wood, and chop the mass up thoroughly. If there are any old come a time when there shall be no more pain, buckles or hairpins in take them out—they dull the knife; comb it; add seasoning; yell at husband for more wood. I've left onions out of the receipt, but don't leave them out of the hash. Wipe your face on your apron, and stew the hash until husband gets tired of waiting and begins to growl; give him a lecture and serve hot. (Don't tell this to anybody.)

WHITEHORN CAKE.—Take one quart cornmeal if you have it; beat three eggs all to pieces—chickens or no chickens; smile sweetly and look as pleasant as you can; borrow pint of sour-milk of your neighbor; tell your visitor who comes in that you have the best husband n the world; create considerable of a stir in And now let me tell you about another the mess; add some saleratus and lard; kiss your husband sweetly; put in some salt; stir the fire yourself and put into the oven to bake.

TO MAKE CUSTARD PIES.—Send husband would have been happier had her lot been with all around town for eggs and wait patiently some good man. Had you known her you till he happens to come back; break one or two would not have thought so. She was con- over his head; pull off the shells of three or four; beat them until they yell enough; get your crock of cream; drink a pint of it to see if it is sweet; add cup of sugar, taking care to remove the lumps and eat them; look out the window to see that strange lady passing; put in nutmeg and spice, and do up your back-hair then get your crust ready; take a look out of the front-door; come back and chase the children away from drinking the custard; make up your pies and put them in the oven which is neated seven times colder than hot, as is usually the case; tramp on the dog's tail and fix the fire; bake till done, then set them on the window to cool, where the children can get at them when you go into the other room to begin where you left off in that last novel you borrowed. (This receipt is a profound secret; so you may divulge it to your neighbor.)

PINT CAKE.—Take one pint flour, one pint ugar, one pint of very weak butter-not trong, one pint of eggs-never mind shells. pint of salt; pint of raisins to raise it, and bake n the neighborhood of a fire.

OYSTERS will soon spoil after you open the an, therefore you should eat them without

pening the can-if you can. GOOSEBERRY-JAM.—Take one spoonful of gooseberries; add one quart sugar, then put in little sweetening; gill of water; something to remove the sour; put them on the stove to stew and put in a cup of sugar to make them palatable; stir awhile and add a pint of moasses to remove the acidity, and a cup of sugar if you have it handy; boil ten minutes. and in case they may not be sweet, drop in ome sugar aud run away; come back and taste to see how sour they are and put in some saccharine matter; sweeten to suit the taste, and erve with plenty of sugar.

LIGHT BISCUIT.-Make them so small that they won't weigh sixteen ounces to the pound for count twelve to the dozen. TO MAKE BETTER COFFEE. -Boil the coffee

mill ten minutes; there may be some little coffee in it, and you will have better coffee than you are usually having. TO MAKE MINCE PIES .- Get your mince

meat ready; pour out a small wine-glass of brandy; set it on the table; get your pie made; put on the top crust and forget to put in the brandy; don't throw it out; I really can't tell you what you should do with it. Don't waste t. If I was there we might hold a council of war over it, but don't swallow the glass-WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

THERE is a touching beauty in the radiant ook of a girl just commencing her journey through the checkered space of womanhood It is all dew-sparkle and morning-glory to her buoyant spirit, as she presses forward exulting in blissful anticipations. But the withering heat of the conflict of life creeps on; the dewdrops exhale; the garlands of hope, scattered and dead, strew the path; and too often, ere noontide, the brow and sweet smile are exchanged for the weary look of one longing for the twilight, the night.

### Topics of the Time.

—In the Black Hills greenbacks are worth eleven dollars more on the hundred than gold

—The Russian naval flag is a purple St. Andrew's cross on a white ground. The Turkish a white crescent on a red ground.

-The pay of all the Government employees at Constantinople has been reduced 50 per cent. till the war is over.

—The King of Spain, it is now reported, will be married to his cousin, Maria de las Mercedes, the daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, in October. The young lady has just completed her seventeenth year, and the King of Spain is three years her senior.

-In Paris there is a local charity which distributes clean sheets once a month among poor families, taking away those used the previous month. It is proposed to extend the favor to a general loaning of clean clothing, the charity being really in effect a free laundry.

-The large foreign trade of California in fruits and wines becomes no mystery when it is known that the State has 3,800,000 fruit trees and 35,000,000 grapevines, and harvests from 300,000,000 to 500,000,000 pounds of fruit yearly. She produces a large surplus, and foreign trade follows, as a matter of course.

-The Russian shores of the Black Sea are in-—The Russian snores of the black see are in-fested by a plague of venomous spiders, whose bite causes pain for several days, and in some cases is even fatal. It is supposed that a dimu-nition of the birds and insects which ordinarily feed on these animals has caused their appearance in such numbers.

—A young man being attacked by Indians near Fort Fetterman, took a position in a place that was surrounded by rocks, and defended himself for two days. He was wounded thirteen times, and at last killed. A photograph of a girl inscribed "Mamie," was the only thing found on him by which he may be identified.

Dr. Erasmus Wilson, the first authority in England on cutaneous disorders, has been investigating the number of hairs in a square inch of the human head, and estimates that it contains on an average about 1,066. Taking the superficial area of the head at 120 square inches, this gives about 133,920 hairs for the entire head.

—A young lady in Newton County, Georgia, is possessed by a strange monomania. She fancies herself a baby, and has not spoken a word in three years, although her powers of conversation used to be of an order higher than the average. Notwithstanding this absurd hallucity average. Notwithstanding this absurd halluci-nation, she is inconsistent enough to read the Bible and write letters.

-Steamers plying the Yellowstone at a good —Steamers plying the Yellowstone at a good stage of water can run up to the coal and put out a plank to a bed where thousands of tons lie uncovered and perfectly available. Boats returning empty from the upper waters can take on two or three hundred tons in a few hours, and by utilizing this deposit there may be made a large saving to the Government with little labor and a trifling expense.

—In the last twenty-one years the Sydney mint in Australia has coined and issued more than 37,000,000 sovereigns, and the Melbourne mint has coined and issued nearly 7,000,000 sovereigns since it was opened to the public in 1872. These two branch mints together coined and issued in 1876 as many as 3,737,000 sovereigns, which is a larger number than the sovereigns coined in the year at the mint in London.

-A newspaper correspondent writes from Nantucket that there are on the island many families, consisting of four or five members, who rent nice houses, and have their own gardens, and live in happiness and contentment the year round, for one dollar a day; in not a few cases, for seventy-five to minety cents a day. This includes food, clothing, and everything, even schooling for the children, who are carefully brought up.

—In that part of the Black Forest belonging to the Grand Duchy of Baden lies the pretty district of Koenigsfeld, containing 410 inhabidistrict of Koenigsfeld, containing 410 inhabitants. During fifty years there have been in it no crimes nor misdemeanors of any sortneither transgressions of the police regulations, nor sheriff's sales, nor illegitimate births, nor divorces, nor lawsuits of any kind. Moreover, in these last fifty years at Koenigsfeld no one has ever got drunk or stretched out a hand

Mr. I R Pierce of Newport, New Hami simplicity and cheapness brings it within the reach of all who desire such a contrivance. He has made two tin drums, one for each end of the route, which are connected by a linen string reaching from his shop to his dwelling house, a distance of forty rods. Ordinary conversation at the house can be distinctly heard at the shop, and vice versa. Music from a violin and other instruments can also be transmitted without the

—There are 14,441 persons in England mem-bers of the Society of Friends. Last year they numbered 14,253, so that they have slightly increased of late. Of 95 members who married last year, 40 were united to persons not belonging to their society, and these mixed marriages are probably not favorable to the perpetuation There is one fact worthy of Quakerdom. note respecting Quakers, namely, that they are a long-lived race. The rate of mortality among them is remarkably low—only 18 per 1,000 for

-Loom Hing, a brother of Ah Wing, a Balti-—Loom Hing, a brother of Ah Wing, a Balti-more laundryman whose pig-tail was pulled by an Irish soldier, deposed and said: "Sloja man, he say nothing only comee upeen 'n mylee blulla hip um foo; mylee blulla say nolling, does nolhip um foo; mylee blulla say nolling, does nolling; Mellican man 'e welle dam foolee; Ah Wing say 'Mellican man no kill Chinaman'; he no mine; my blulla kly find policeman take 'un wash'ous—alle light now!" The Irishman's testimony took the form of invective. "It's a purty pass that the country's comin' to when a free American citizen, an' a sojur to boot, that cum tu fite fur ye, kant have a bit uv a shindy wid a haythat. Chinge widout going to the lockup. haythen Chinee widout going to the lockup

—Mr. Darwin's life is a comfortable one—he has never been obliged to fight poverty and has had plenty of leisure in which to follow his chosen studies. He married his cousin, Miss Emma Wedgewood, and they live in the lovely County of Kent. Mr. Darwin's eldest son, Mr. William Darwin, is a banker at Southampton; the second, George, took high honors at Cambridge and is now a Fellow of Trinity; the third, Frank, who has inherited his father's ill-health, acts as his secretary; the fourth. Leonard, is an acts as his secretary; the fourth, Leonard, is an officer in the artillery, and distinguished himself as one of the scientific corps sent to observe the transit of Venus; the fifth, Horace, is an excellent mathematician. One married and one unmarried daughter complete a family whose con to relieve its head of all possible trouble or anxiety.

—The eclipse (partial) of the sun, Aug. 8, was invisible in this country save to the inhabitants of Alaska. An interesting feature in regard to this eclipse is its relation to two eclipses that this eclipse is its relation to two eclipses that shortly follow. When the moon goes subsequently half way around in her orbit, she must come squarely into the earth's shadow, and consequently there will be a total eclipse of the moon (visible here) Aug. 23. When she completes her revolution round the earth, she will again eclipse the sun, but her apparent position to a spectator in this latitude would then be just below the sun; though as hefore, the dark side. below the sun; though, as before, the dark side of the moon being turned to us, she would be invisible. But the moon being then below instead above the sun, the partial solar eclipse of ept. 6, will be visible only off the lower part of the South American coast, and in South Polar regions. Three eclipses within one month's time are certainly quite as much as anybody has a right to expect; there will be none afterward till next February.

### Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "An Old Man's Darling;" "For Life r Death: "Hope;" "Peace;" "Moonlight;" The Feast of Hands;" "Mary Mason's Conver-ion:" "Old but New;" "A Fancy."

Rejected: "Kiss Me, Darling;" "Lake Winne-aganker;" "To the Sun;" "To the Sea;" "Love;" Too Late;" "A Summer Past;" "The Squaw's ament;" "Purse or Heart;" "A Kissing Scrape." JOE BALL. Milk, lemons juice, or weak sulphurie cid. Also, solution of cobalt.

M. R. Poems really are too crude. You must tudy the art of verse before you can hope for suc-

B. W. The poers, we believe, are copied, and addy copied, too. If they really are yours, then they give good promise.

Boy Singer. The song referred to was written by Mr. Rextord for this paper, and its use is a violation of our copyright.

GEO. C. The oxide of tin, or any oxide, can be dissolved, not by the use of acids, but by alkali Take caustic soda. No alcohol necessary.

SESSION C. The same rules govern religious conventions that govern other assemblies. For Rules of Order and Directions for Organizing Conventions, etc., see Beadle's Dur Desarrar and Chairman's Guide—a very complete and eminently practical manual. cal manual.

FRED W. Poem will have to pass to the unac-epted list; it is evidently "in the rough." You rate very well for one of your age and with such light schooling. Try ever so hard to obtain one r two years' study.—May 10th, 1868, came on Sun-

WILLIE. A lady is not expected to make advances, and the gentleman is. He is even justified in being persistent, where the lady shows a slight disinclination to his advances, for only thus can he give assurance of his earnestness and devotion. If she lays only a slight restraint on your coming, the way is open; go forward and secure your prize.

Way is open; go forward and secure your place.

IRENE When waiting upon a table, everything should be passed to a guest upon the leit side; the reason is obvious—the right hand is thus left entirely unrestricted. It is not polite for any person to leave the table until all are through, except for an urgent reason, and after being excused by the company that remain.

MOLLIE V. S. asks if we think it is nice for a roung lady to be always correcting her friends concerning what they do and say, no matter on what occasion. No; when a person gets into the habit of continually correcting persons, they soon make themselves obnoxious to all their acquaintances. It is best only to suggest corrections, and only by re-

quest.

L. M. "Lady Audley's Secret" is given as a double number (20c,) of the "Fireside Library." Others of Miss Braddon's works will follow in the same admirable series.—So long as your friend has not mentioned your name to the gentleman, it rests with you to accept or refuse the proffers. It is pleasant to have such offers, even if they must be, for any reason refused; they are a compliment to or any reason, refused; they are a compliment to our worth.

your worth.

Wm. L. C. Torches are usually of resinous (yellow pine) knots or sticks. They are also made of birch bark and pine slivers.—"Death Watch" is No. 7 of New York Library (just out).—The persons named are one and the same.—No serial has been promised by the author referred to. He is now a confirmed invalid, and probably will write no more—certainly not soon. We publish his best works in book form.

in book form.

CHAS. C. All countries are tempered according to latitude and altitude above the sea. Cuba is a "hot" country, and at present not a desirable place for a working man. Brazil is a vast country, stretching from the equator to 30 deg. south latitude. Rio de Janeiro, its capital, is 23 deg. We should say it was the country to go to, if you are bound to emigrate; but don't you think this country is wide enough to give you a living?

A B C. Apply to your Congressman. If he

A. B. C. Apply to your Congressman. If he fails to supply (as he probably will, for it is his gain to sell the books surreptitiously), apply direct to the several departments. You may not then be sure of a favorable answer, but it is your only course. The New York, Philadelphia and Washington second-hand book-stores are full of government publications, which they have bought at a nominal price from Congressmen—a piece of petty robbery that is a disgrace to those engaged in it.

Isaac E. S. The censure dealt out by your employer, in the presence of others, was severe treatment; but was it "unjust?" No clerk has any right to be brusque or inattentive to any customer. The poor and humble, especially, deserve kind attention; and if the woman was "just humbugging," your duty was none the less imperative—to offer her no offense by word or act. These salesmen succeed best who are always polite and solicitous to please even the woman who spends all day in purchasing a skein of silk.

MARGARET asks: "Is it proper for a man to walk up to another man, a stranger, in a public place, and ask for 'a light." I cannot think it is, but a gentleman friend declares that it is; and we agreed to leave the matter to you." Custom has made it quite the correct thing for a gentleman to ask, "Will you kindly give me a light, sir?" of any man he may meet smoking; and it would be extremely ill-bred for the person accosted not to stop and comply with the request. You see it was one of those matters concerning which your friend knew omply with the request. You see it was one of hose matters concerning which your friend knew better than you.

REGESTER M. Yours of "three or four weeks ago" did not reach us. We try to answer all inquiries promptly.—The mole can be removed by any surgeon. It has no significance whatever in the way of good or ill fortune; nor is there the slightest meaning or importance to be attached to a given highly a Leave such silliness to the silly slightest meaning or importance to be attached to a given birthday. Leave such silliness to the silly. The cure for the filthy habit of using tobacco is—to let it alone, just as you would avoid any vice. Your chirography is too given to flourishes for a book-keeper. Nothing looks and reads well on a set of books in the counting-room but severely plain penmanship—each letter perfectly formed.

MRS. J. S. R. Your "defense" is well enough in spirit and intent, but weak, we fear, in its logic. If there is no such thing as literary art, then what is crude and unrythmic in verse might find favor; but poetic art is as established as dramatic art or the printer's art, and writers of verse, of necessity must be amenable to the canons of that art, as de must be amenable to the canons of that art, as de-termined by the writers of all ages. Therefore, all critics and editors are justified in insisting that every contributor in verse or rhyme, no matter how simple the theme or homely the thought, shall violate neither the laws of versification nor the forms of beauty in expression that distinguish poetry from prose.

EGGAR M. writes: "Will you help me out of a scrape? I am rather fond of ladies' society, and have been used to waiting on them quite freely, but without a thought of meaning anything serious. One lady—she is very young—has always shown such attachment for me that I have visited her a great deal, and even thought of marrying her. But lately some friends picked out a young lady for my wife, and when we met we immediately fell in love, and I am engaged to her, and the time for our marriage is set; but the other girl still regards me as her lover, and I do not know the wisest way to tell her of my present intentions, and so get rid of her. her lover, and I do not know the wisest way to ten her of my present intentions, and so get rid of her. What ought I to do?"—We are inclined to believe that you ought to marry her. No dou't you have won and encouraged her love. If you are deter-mined to marry number two, however, your imme-diate duty is to see number one and truthfully lay before her the whole affair. If she is a sensible girl, she will soon think herself well rid of you. MYRTLE DEUSEN, Rhinebeck, asks: "Will you tell

Myrtle Deusen, Rhinebeck, asks: "Will you tell me what I must do to retain a good head of hair? Does it make any difference whether I braid it or have it hanging loose? Is there any simple stuff to make the eyebrows come in thick? I ani not very pretty, and what must I do to make myself attractive to both gentlemen and ladies!—Use no stimulants, pomatums, nor oils of any kind upon your hair; never use a fine comb upon it, nor any comb more than you can help. The brush, a moderately stiff one, is the proper article wherewith to dress the hair. Morning and afternoon give it a careful and thorough brushing; also at night, before retiring, brush it out smoothly and braid loosely and tie loosely. Keep your scalp clean by washing it once every fortnight in a bowl of tepid or cold water, to which a teaspoonful or two of ammonia has been added. This semimonthly washing should never be neglected; do not comb until the hair is entirely dry, then commence at the ends and advance toward the roots of the hairs by degrees.—The bat, one hundred vigorous strokes a day with a stiff brush, and careful combing, and a monthly clipping of the ends, should keep your hair thick, long, healthy and beautiful.—Wear it in any becoming style, but avoid using rough pins and tight strings.—Five grains of the sulphate of quinine in an ounce of alcohol, daily applied to the eyebrows with a camel's hair brush, will stimulate their growth.—Study to be an interesting conversationalist; read much in the daily, weekly and monthly periodicals of the day—the best ones—and so be ready to talk on the common topics; be generous, charitable, affable, kind and considerate of others' happiness and feelings, and you will be attractive.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next

#### CHANGED.

BY HARRIET MABEL SPALDING.

Upon the silver lake we sailed, Touched with the flush of golden noon. While sweetest roses lay unvailed Beneath the glowing smiles of June.

How fond is memory to-night!
Again I see you as of old—
Deep eyes illumed with radiance bright,
Fair brow engarlanded with gold.

Clasped hands that o'er the lilies lay hile, torn in careless sport and gay, Were the crushed lilies at your feet.

'Tis past! 'tis past! No more your smiles Shall wake the throbbings sweet of yore, For one has won with winning wiles The heart that beats for me no more!

Now, where the sunlight gilds the lands, I see a barque go floating by, And in the fair and girlish hands The careless water lilies lie.

How gleams the sunlight on the shore, As on that fair and golden noon, With life and beauty beaming o'er, The glory of the dreamy June!

And, gliding down the silver lake, The floating barque recedes from view; While gently now the shadows break, As o'er the once-loved scene I knew.

And musing thus, I stand and wait Until the pensive scene is o'er,
And watch the timid sunbeams melt
Upon the hazy, dreaming shore.

# A Mother's Reward.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

OF all days that had come in balmy sun shine and fresh breezes during that lovely au-tumn weather there had been none fairer than the one Mrs. Pontifix had chosen for her fete, and as she stood in the door of the gay marquee from which flags were flying, and looked out on the wide expanse of velvety, tree-dotted lawn, where merry picturesque groups were playing croquet, where other groups were sauntering under the leafy foliage that spread so coolly and wide; where she could see fountains playing and statuary gleaming, and fairylike children dashing and romping along in their white dresses and bright sashes, Mrs. Pontifix congratulated herself on the day, the scene, and the general grand success of her entertainment.

She was still standing there—a large, handsome woman of thirty-five, looking almost regal in her black satin trailing dress, when Miss Rutherford sailed up to her—a tall, haughty

girl, in azalea-colored lawn. "Dear Mrs. Pontifix, please do send some of the servants to drive a couple of boys off the grounds-horrid, dirty Italian boys, with violins," Mrs. Pontifix raised her eyebrows in

quiet, awful dignity. 'Straggling musicians inside the gates! do not see where Hawkins could have been to have permitted it. Where is Alice, Miss Rutherford—have you seen her?"

For Alice Pontifix was the one daughter— the only child and sole heiress to the family a pretty, blue-eyed, fair-haired girl of seven, for whom the juvenile portion of the croquet fete had been considerately invited.

"Alice? Yes, I saw her with Bertie Carlyon and Hattie May going toward those dirty little beggars. That is one reason why I came

to speak to you, Mrs. Pontifix."
And, sure enough, when Mrs. Pontifix reached the designated spot—a beautifully picturesque place on the margin of a small rippling lakelet, shaded by lofty, well-trimmed elms, and with a turfy sward like thickest cut emerald velvet—sure enough, there among the daintily-dressed, haughty-headed youngsters, headed by Alice Pontifix, radiant in embroidered muslin and pale blue silken sash, with her long lustrous hair tied with blue ribbon and flowing below her waist in a rippling, dainty pale blue silken hose, and low, graceful slippers—there, so near to Mrs. Pontifix's sacredly-guarded treasure that they might have touched her, were two Italian boys, perhaps fourteen or fifteen years of age-slim. gaunt boys, with clear olive complexions, and shining, lustrous, curling hair as ebon as a raven's wing, and eyes of melting, exquisite darkness and seriousness

Boys with a look on their faces and in their eyes that showed how cruelly ill fate had been, and was, to them-expressions of countenance that told of fatigue and hunger, gestures of their fragile figures that bespoke weakness and weary discouragement; clothes that told their

Mrs. Pontifix's haughty, almost insolent

"We don't want any of your music here. Leave the grounds at once, or I will have you arrested as vagrants." The elder of the two made a low bow in the

very face of the lady's displeasure The signora will let us play a little-we want bread—no money—no money—only one little crumb of bread and a drop of water-' "I told you to be off. Alice, darling, yon-

der goes Hawkins-run, tell him to come here. The boy turned wistfully toward the child. "Leetle signorina—only a piece of— 'How dare you!" shrieked Mrs. Pontifix-'how dare you speak to that child?"

His dark eyes flashed then, and he turned toward his companion. 'Come, Otto-come. There is no pity here;

we are starving; we must get food somehow Come. Lady, we meant no harm." "Of course not!-of course not! Neverthe less, as suspicious characters I feel it my duty

to hand you over to the police. Hawkins, these boys evidently came in to steal, but fortunately there has been no opportunity. The younger boy clasped his thin, trembling

hands entreatingly.
"No! no! We never steal—never in our life! Carlo play, and I play and sing for money for bread—we never, never steal!"

Alice looked amusedly at him, then turned to her mother with a disgusted, cruel look on

her pretty young face. Mamma, he's going to cry! The idea of a boy crying! The nasty, dirty crybaby! He was going to steal—and the big one, too, I know, for I saw him looking at my chain and an offering at this man's feet-then Carl Leonti

sash-pin!" Hawkins had them collared by this time, the smaller of the two writhing in the strong grasp, and imploring his liberty, protesting his innocence and bewailing his fate in a breath; while the elder, with a flash almost of defiance

from his black eyes, haughtily submitted to the indignity. they were led away, while Mrs. Pontifix and Miss Rutherford exchanged their indig-nant views of the affair, and little Alice's silvery laughter chimed out in derision and cruel

"Carl Leonti! What a romantic name! And Ethel says he is far handsomer than his name

pretty."

Alice Pontifix threw back her golden-haired

stately, handsome a woman at forty-six, as her?" when we saw her last at thirty-five; "yes, Mr. Leonti is decidedly the rage, and as dear Ethel says, remarkably handsome. It is established beyond doubt or gainsay that he is inde- Alice Pontifix's flowers beneath his heel pendently wealthy, and people do say he is a direct descendant of an Italian nobleman. I meant to do just as I have done—to bring you feel it quite the mode to have him at our and your child to a point where you migh

girl—that is, beautiful as an exquisite rose-leaf complexion, shiny blue eyes, and vivid gold hair, good style and handsome toilettes could make her. But she had been spoiled and petted and indulged, until it had come to pass Oh, I see you do. Well, this is what I call rethat she never was happy unless in a whirl of mad extremes, or in the enjoyment of her wildest caprices.

And just now, fortunately, her present caprice suited her mother, and Carl Leonti was all the rage in the Pontifix family, as well as in many others; and Alice Pontifix went on from admiration to adoration; and before she had long been under the influence of Carl Leonti's handsome, passionful eyes, where subdued fires burned, she had given him all her heart.

Mr. Carl Leonti took up an exquisite little bouquet of flowers—great double white violets, and blush-hearted rosebuds, almond-scented oleander-buds, and sprays of lemon-geraniums, and his handsome eyes lighted and his mustache moved in a smile as he read the card attached by a white silken cord—a card that

bore the name of Miss Alice Pontifix. "I wonder if she has such a good memory as I have? I wonder if she remembers the day, eleven years ago, when she helped to send brother Otto and I to the disgrace that killed him! I remember it, well, and here today, Miss Alice is chiefest among the crowd that pour their adulation on me, the child of fame and fortune!"

He leaned his handsome head on his hand. his black eyes looking with calm thoughtfulness at the exquisite little offering sent by beauty's own hand.

Then, he suddenly threw it on the floor, and in another second would have trampled on it in the violence of the impulse that seized him. Instead, he smiled and pinned a rosebud and a violet from it, to his coat, but the smile was cold as ice, mirthless as if caused by electricity on the face of a dead man.

Alice Pontifix's voice was unusually positive and decided-authoritative though it usually

Her mother looked up from a novel she was enjoying in the luxury of a robe-de-chambre, on the spring lounge of her dressing-room.

"It's about-Mr. Leonti I want to speak, mamma! He comes and comes, and pays me such positive attentions, and wears my flowers, and never waltzes with any one but me-and

yet, mamma, he says nothing.' There were decided woe and misery in the girl's voice—a misery of woe that was sufficient evidence of how deeply this handsome olive-skinned fellow had interested her. Mrs. Pontifix looked interestedly at her idol

"I cannot see what the reason is that he does not propose. He certainly admires you, for I have seen as much myself. As you say, he has been exclusive in his attentions to you, and I've really no doubt that many people consider you engaged secretly. There can possibly be but one reason for his delay, my dear and I rather admire him for it. He feels suitably the difference between your position and his own—you the daughter of the Pontifixes, and he—handsome enough, fascinating, rich but after all, only a popular and musician.

Mrs. Pontifix softly smoothed down the bands of blue velvet on her white alpaca dressinggown, and looked really very contented and self-satisfied-much more so than Alice, whose blue eyes were shining, and on whose cheeks the warm red glow was fluttering.

'Mamma, do you think that is the reason he has not spoken? Oh, mamma, if Carl Leonti does not tell me he loves me, if he does not ask the bar believed in style and show, for all of me to be his wife, I shall die! I believe I would quicker kill myself and him, than have him not care for me. Mamma, I love him so!" Mrs. Pontifix looked entreatingly at her daughter.

tones, arrested the preliminary tuning of their | dacity for him to aspire to your hand; but, my | now and then. dear-it shall be arranged for you. All great families have the privilege of arranging such affairs when the daughter is to be wooed-

noblesse oblige, you know."

And so it happened, that, one morning after usually tender and devoted to pretty Alice, and his dark eyes had looked things unutterable in he rubbed his soft, white palms together in a and flerce in exquisite delight and anticipationso it happened the morning after that special drawn up in stately array in front of Carl not been for the wine the idea would never Leonti's door in glitter of gold harness and have entered my head. It's a bold scheme shine of glossy-coated horses and bravery of but boldness always suits me," and he smiled iveried servants. While inside, Mrs. Pontifix, complacently as he surveyed his dashy, hand the representative of one of the "greatest some face in the glass. families" in Gotham, talked with Carl Leonti sure of, and as for Dodson, he hates trouble and pride and dignity she could command.

And Leonti stood courteously listening, his handsome face grave and respectful, his soft, beautiful eyes looking unflinchingly in her selfsatisfied face as she stated to him her admiration for his reticence on the subject, considerng the position of the family into which it was esteemed such an honor to go—into which he in plain, old-fashioned garments.

was asked to go. And when she had said her graceful say, and sat awaiting her answer, with the air of a sovereign who knows that she has but to express her opinions to have them religiously, promptly, delightedly obeyed—when she sat there, in her royal attitude of half-condescension, half-waiting triumph, with her daughter Alice, the fairest and haughtiest of the land, knew what full glory and excellence there was in his patient plan; and his low-voiced, almost careless words had in them such a ring of glad revenge that it startled him-

self. "I should doubtless express my great appreciation of the favor extended me, Mrs. Pontifix. Perhaps if I had any intention of

accepting it—" She rose to her feet suddenly, her face goblets were standing.

blanching. "If you had any intention of accepting it! Pardon me. Do I understand you?" He smiled at her coolly.

'It may be better for me to assure you that decline the honor of your daughter's hand. I presume that is perfectly plain?"

head—a pretty, graceful trick she had—and looked eagerly, interestedly at her mother.
"Yes," said Mrs. Pontifix—still almost as

She was almost choking with frenzy. Leonti was cool and calm, with that smile on his face that had been there when he almost trampled

soirces; and, besides, he is a perfectly divine musician—equally at home on the piano and violin and organ." feebly appreciate my feelings, the day you and she, child though she was, drove me and my delicate, darling brother from your pleasure-Alice Pontifix had grown into a beautiful ground to a prisoner's cell, where, in the noisome place, my brother died—where you and your girl's hands murdered him as surely venge—what I call a just recompense of re-ward! And my brother will rest in his grave now that my registered vow is accom-

And Alice Pontifix is reaping the reward of the early education of cold, suspicious hauteur and tyrannical cruelty which her mother inculcated, and which has ruined both their lives.

#### THE FAIRIES.

Where are the wonderful elves and the fairy crea tures bright? Where are the tiny things that danced in the pale Danced in a magic ring and fluttered in robes of

white,
Like motes in the sunbeam whirled, like leaves in
the forest hoar.

Hark to the sound of the sea, and the cry of the waves
on the shore. Where are the dusky gnomes who toiled in the golden ground? So that the miners trembled hearing their ham-

Hearing them tapping, tapping, delving in darkness A thousand tapping hammers beneath them hammering. Hark to the muttered thunder, the voice of the hidden

Where are the forest fairies, the elves in Lincoln green, Deep in the forest hidden, and never in cities seen. Sought for by timid maidens on sainted Hallow The joy of all true lovers, a merry band were they. Hark to the hum of the bee, in the scented blossoms of May.

Where are the household fairies, who loved the em bers glow, Who played at games with the shadows flickering to and fro, But left no track on the sanded floor, no trace on the fallen snow, But filled up the little slippers the children left be-Hark to the howl of the tempest, the moan of the stormy

The elves are waiting, waiting, for the golden days When grief shall be known no longer, nor faithful love be dumb; Till the figures all are added up, and finished the mighty sum.

Ah, yes, they are waiting, waiting, till grief shall be

no more. Hark to the rustle of raindrops, that kiss the deserted

# The Bouquet Girl;

HALF A MILLION DOLLARS.

BY AGILE PENNE, HOR OF "ORPHAN NELL," "STRANGE STORIES OF MANY LANDS," "THE DE-TECTIVE'S WARD," "WOLF OF ENHOVEN," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XI. THE EXECUTORS.

IN JACK'S office was situated in fourth story of one of the handsomest buildings on lower Broadway; rather high if one ascended by the stairs, but then in this age of luxuries, no one thinks of climbing heavenward in that manner when the "elevators" afford such a ready means of access to the up-

per chambers. The sanctum of the lawyer was fitted up in the most luxuriant manner; the "Modoo which his unlucky clients paid, of course.

On the morning after the night when his recognition by the actor had excited so much astonishment in the breast of the latter, the lawyer sat in his comfortable easy-chair enjoy "Alice, my darling! you must not talk so! ing a fragrant cigar, and glancing at the morn-Mr. Leonti surely knows that it is almost au- ing journal, which he held in his hand, every

The daintily-ornamented clock upon the wall chimed ten in its silver tones. The lawyer tossed the paper upon the table and looked expectantly at the door.

"That's the hour," he murmured, "and they ne evening when Carl Leonti had been un- are generally very punctual. I think that have engineered this affair pretty well," and ers, until the girl's heart had throbbed fast manner that plainly evinced great satisfaction "And to think, too, that it all proceeded from my indulging in a few more glasses evening, that the grand Pontifix barouche was champagne than is usual with me! If it had and offered him her daughter, with all the pomp and will be apt to agree with us in everything I have examined the matter thoroughly, and I

can't see a weak spot." The lawyer's agreeable meditations were in terrupted by the entrance into the office of a fat, middle-aged gentleman. He was short and stout. English evidently by the "cut of his

aldermanic stomach, he exactly resembled the Englishman was enjoying the vintage of the "John Bull" of the artists who "do" the cartoons for the illustrated journals. This was Mr. Peter Dodson, formerly chief-

With his fat, honest face, puffy cheeks and

cook of old Vendotena's confectionery estab-"On time, eh!" exclaimed the easy-going Englishman, glancing at the clock.

'Oh, yes, right to the minute; hot, isn't it?' "Hot? by Jove, sir, it is! We never have it like this at 'ome, you know. Like nearly all his tribe, this burly Briton was always talking about 'ome, although he

never manifested any intention of going there Try a glass of wine," suggested Captain Jack, producing a bottle of Chateau Lafitte from a handsome sideboard, upon the top of which a pitcher of ice-water and some crystal 'Thank'e; don't care if I do," and the Eng-

lishman smacked his lips as his hand caressed the bottle. Dearly this son of Britain loved the creature comforts of this life. And as Mr. Dodson proceeded to enjoy the

contents of the goblet another gentleman bus-

that the man was terribly overworked—that his whole nervous system was shattered, and that nothing was more likely than that this driving man of business might be stricken down at any moment by the grim hand of Death, despite the brisk promise of life that nis nervous, energetic manner inspired. This was Mortimer Taxwill, esquire, well known in Wall street as a heavy operator in stocks, and reputed to be worth a great deal

Dodson and Taxwill were the executors of the will of the old confectioner, Lorenzo Vendotena, and Captain Jack was the lawyer who had drawn the will.

The old confectioner's illness had been a short one, but he had been fully conscious that he was coming nearer and nearer to the end each day, and so he had prepared his will.

The lonely old man in his last moments had re-ented somewhat; he had neither kith nor kin n the world, with the exception of his son and that son's daughter. When the Jersey lawyer, Limowell, had discovered that the mother was dead, he had waited upon old Vendotena with the news, and had informed him that the child was safe and in his hands.

The Italian had received him curtly and disnissed him abruptly. "I take no interest in either the mother or child!" he exclaimed, angrily. "Not one penny of my money shall ever come to either

But in his last hours the confectioner re-lented. After all, the child was of his blood; she was innocent of all wrong; the mother, against whom he had been so bitter, was in her grave; death had canceled the account. Better then that his wealth should go to the innoent child, who was of the Vendotena race, than pass into the hands of strangers.

But Antonio, the son, the legal heir? The old man's rage against the son who had rudely upset the father's schemes, had never

homest people; poor, but no rascals. This wretch! he will get himself hanged if he keeps on! Not a single penny would I leave, except to cheat the hangman, for without money the

gallows will surely clutch him."

And so to the luckless Antonio he bequeathed the sum of one thousand dollars, and the interest of ten thousand dollars, which was securely invested to him as long as he lived, and at his death the principal to go to the Little Sisters of the Poor, a Catholic society in which the

old man took a great interest.

The rest of his fortune, roughly estimated at half a million of dollars, he left, without proviso or condition of any kind, to his grand-daughter, Francesca, the child of his son, An-

Brief and directly to the point was the will. The two executors whom the old Italian had hosen were men whom he believed he could

Mortimer Taxwill had been his cashier for years, while Peter Dodson had entered his employ as chief in the cooking department when he had first started his confectionery on Broadway. And when cld Vendotena had retired from business he had disposed of his establishment to his cashier and foreman, who were allowed to retain the old sign, excepting that instead of simple "Vendotena," the firm was now termed Vendotena & Co.

One year had now elapsed between the date of the old man's death and the period of which we write, and between the birth of the daughter, to whom the half-million had been bequeathed and the present time, some seventeen years had passed, so that the child if living

The Italian had retired from business just after the secret marriage of his son, and in the interval from that time to the present, the two partners in the confectionery had made a fortune and sold out, Dodson to retire to a quiet country home and amuse himself with a little amateur farming, Taxwill to plunge into the mazes of the stock exchange and there endeavor to swell the competence he already possessed to a princely sum

How he had succeeded no one knew: some said that he had been extremely lucky and was already a millionaire. Others cried positively that he had lost every cent that he had in the world, and was now "going it" on credit alone, and that when the time came for his creditors to insist upon getting their money, he balloon would collapse and Mortimer Taxwill would appear to the world in his true

haracter of a beggar. And to these two men, so opposite in their tures, yet both equally trusted by the old Italian, was the carrying-out of the will he

had made intrusted. To Peter Dodson, easy and slow-going, honest as the day, simple as a child, though not deficient in a sort of natural shrewdness and Mortimer Taxwill, wily speculator—his foes "totally unscrupulous," but that was slander, perhaps—and Captain Jack, the "Modoc of the bar," the care of the enormous fortune had been confided.

### CHAPTER XII.

THE LONG-LOST HEIR. "AHA! enjoying yourself as usual!" Taxwill exclaimed, perceiving the occupation of the Englishman "So beastly 'ot, you know; 'ave a go?" and

Dodson, in the true spirit of hospitality, filled out a glass of wine for the speculator. The lawyer brought him a chair; Taxwill jib," as a nautical man would say, and dressed pulled off his gloves and flung himself into the eat, and tossed off the wine at a draught, so different to the leisurely way in which

> "And now we will proceed at once to busi ness," Captain Jack said, perceiving that his visitors were fully prepared for serious mat-"It is in reference to the Vendotena

"I thought so the mement I saw Dodson Taxwill remarked. here,

"Well, I 'ope you've found the young wo nan." Dodson observed. 'That is exactly what I have succeeded in There was quite a little bit of triumph per-

ceptible in the voice of the lawyer as he spoke. The effect produced by the speech upon the two executors was widely different. The burly Briton drew a long breath; he hated business, and this trust—this enormous fortune confided to him-care-worried him:

that the burthen was about to be taken off his houlders, and in his round, rosy face, joy was plainly indicated. Taxwill, on the contrary, pursed up his tled into the rocm—a tall, thin man, well ad- mouth, contracted his eyebrows a bit, and

"Decline my daughter's hand! Mr. Leonti! vanced in years, dressed in the hight of fashion, looked at the lawyer in an extremely suspicious way

but showing plainly by his manner that he was Captain Jack did not appear to notice the took, but he did, though, for very few things no slave to luxuriant ease; in fact, a practiced medical eye would have detected at a glance

escaped his keen eyes.
"Well, dang my buttons, if I ain't thank well, daily my buttons, it I ain't thank-ful!" Dodson exclaimed. "Sich responsibili-ties ain't a bit to my taste. I've done with business; I don't want to do nothin' in this world but enjoy myself. And so you've found the little gal? Well, now, I thought you would."

"You have found the heir?" Taxwill questioned, in his sharp, direct way.

"Yes, sir. "Ah—hum—that's lucky!"
Few words, but a deal of suspicion, intro-

duced in the sentence. "And all by accident, too."

"You don't say so?" the burly Briton cried, full of curiosity.

"By accident, eh?" Taxwill was watching

the lawyer as a cat would watch a mouse "Yes, gentlemen, truth is stranger than fiction, you know; but my meeting with this girl is like a leaf torn out of a romance. I was going toward Fulton Ferry, and stopped to buy a bouquet from a flower-girl just outside the gate. She was a pretty little thing, and perceiving that she was so different from the usual run of bouquet girls, I entered into conversation with her. There was something about her face that seemed very familiar to me, and yet it did not appear to be the face of anyone whom I have ever known, and while I was talking to her, trying to account for the impression which her face had made, all of a sudden the truth flashed upon me. first attempted to hunt up this lost heir, the principal thing that I relied upon was a handsomely painted picture on ivory of the mother. If you remember, the old gentleman, just before his death, gave it to me, stating at the time that his son, Antonio, had sent it to him immediately after his secret marriage. as the old man had been in regard to the young girl whom he believed had entrapped his son into a marriage solely for his money, still he abated; on his death-bed he was as bitter as ever against his unruly son.

"A rogue! a villain!" he cried, in sullen rage. "Even in Europe he disgraces the name he bears. The Vendotenas have always been search was a fruitless one. Limowell had resided there, but had moved away, and no one knew where. The girl had been with him—in fact, two girls, both of whom he called his nieces, and both had gone also. It was a difficult matter to find out anything about this Limowell, for he lived back in what the natives termed 'the pines,' a barren sandy waste be-

tween Long Branch and Branchburg, and kept himself quite secluded." "You advertised for him pretty extensively,

too," Taxwill remarked. "Yes, but without avail. Well, to make a long story short, the girl was the very image of the picture which I possessed, and upon questioning her carefully, without, of course, saying anything in regard to the suspicion which I had as to who she was, I soon knew the story of her life. As I suspected, she was the long-lost heir. Her name was Francesca, Fulton Frank her associates called her. had been brought up at Branchburg by Lysander Limowell; her mother, Limowell's niece, had married the son of a wealthy New Yorker, who had been disowned on account of the marriage; she had been brought up by Mr. Limowell, her mother dying when she was quite small; she had been ill-treated by her uncle and had run away to New York to seek

her fortune. "'Ow very romantic!" exclaimed Dodson, who had listened attentively to the recital.

"Very!" Taxwill cried, drily. Captain Jack took no notice at all of the peculiar tone, and as for Dodson, the honest Briton never perceived it.

"Well, as I said before, I'm deuced glad

declared the Englishman: "I want it off my mind, you know. "I suppose you will be able to prove that this girl is the heir-that is, prove her identi-

ty?" Taxwill asked, his tone plainly indicating the doubts in his mind. "Oh, yes; no doubt about it at all," Captain Jack answered, in his airy, easy way.

now, if you will fix a time, I'll present the girl to you."
"'Ow will this afternoon de?" asked Dodson, in his blunt way. "I've got to buy some stuff in town, and I would like to go 'ome by the

last train to-day. 'This afternoon will suit me," Taxwill remarked.

"I his afternoon, at three, then, "All right; and now I must toddle off, for e've a lot of things to do. I don't come to own every day, you know." And then the

Taxwill favored the lawyer with a long, susicious glance after the door had closed on the burly figure of the Englishman. What's the matter?" Captain Jack asked,

"Come, come! This story may do for Dodson, who is as stupid as a child about some things, but I don't swallow it!" the speculator exclaimed, quickly.

'You don't believe that I have found the

"No. I do not."

Briton departed.

"It's a fact."

"Well, she'll pass for the heir anyway; her name is Francesca, and she was brought up by this man Limowell, who did have the custoly of the child."

But she is not the child!" "That's a doubtful point; but it will be noney in our pockets for us to believe that she

"How so?" This was business, and the speculator was

quick to appreciate it. "A half a million of dollars is a pretty arge sum to any one; to a girl who has been naking a dollar a day by selling bouquets at the ferries, it seems a fabulous amount. out our aid the girl couldn't touch a penny of the property. I have made a fair bargain

with her. "How much?" "One clear half."

"That will do. "And that half, after deducting the necesary expenses, I propose to cut into two equal

'One for me, eh?" The speculator was quick to jump to conclusions.
"Yes; provided that you believe that she is the heir.

"Oh, I guess that there is no doubt about that," Taxwill reassured the other, with knowing laugh. "But will the legal proof be naturally, therefore, he was extremely glad

"Oh, yes, provided Limowell don't turn

up."
"And if he does?" "We must buy him up. And so the compact was made. CHAPTER XIII.

FRANK'S STORY. "A HALF a million of dollars!" Craige exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes; it is a large sum, isn't it?" "Well, I should say so, but I don't under stand!" the bewildered actor protested. "You know that gentleman is a lawyer?"

"Yes; and not a very reputable one, either." "He met me at Fulton Ferry the other night; he had been drinking, and I suppose the liquor put the idea into his head, for he asked my name, how old I was, and then told me that I was the heir to a fortune of half a mil-

"You had better be on your guard, Frank," Craige said, seriously. "This fellow is totally unscrupulous. He has already been concerned in some ugly scrapes, and how he manages to escape from being 'thrown over the bars,' as the lawyers say, which means expulsion from the legal fraternity, is a mystery."
"Oh, he intends to pay himself well for the

services which he is to perform; he does not serve me for nothing; he is honest about it. He came to-night especially to hear the story of my life, and after I had told him all I knew in regard to my birth and early childhood, he said that in his mind there was no doubt that

"Long-lost heir!" Craige exclaimed. "Yes, that is the way the story-writers always put it. But how did the man happen to think that you were the heir? That is something I don't un-

"He has a picture of my mother, and recognized me from my resemblance to it. Craige was puzzled; he distrusted the wily Captain Jack, and suspected that there was

some deep-laid plan at the bottom of all this. Fortunes of half a million did not usually wait The fellow is a regular rascal, I am sure I have heard of two or three of his tricks, and I am afraid that there is more in this than ap-

pears on the surface. "Oh, no; I think not," replied the girl.
"He has made a good bargain for himself, and will profit more than I will if he succeeds in getting the money

"What is he to receive for his valuable ser-

"One half." "A quarter of a million, eh?"

"Yes; and out of my half are to come all

He will be paid pretty well; but it is not so bad, considering that without him you would not, probably, be able to get anything."
"Yes; he is to find all the necessary proofs." "But can be prove that you are the heir?"

"He says he can. "But are you the heir? Do you think you

"Well, I don't know what to think," the girl answered. "I'll tell you the story, and you can decide. The half a million is the fortune left by an old gentleman, Vendotena by name, who used to keep a confectionery store on Broadway.'

"Yes, I know the place; many a dish of ice-

cream I've had there."
"The son of the old gentleman—an only son—secretly married a young country girl at Long Branch, and the father never forgave The wife was named Decetra Limowell. and about two years after her marriage she died, leaving a baby girl. That child was brought up by this Limowell, who was a law-yer. When the old gentleman died, about eighteen years after the marriage of his son, he made a will leaving all his property to his grand-daughter, Francesca, the child of Decetra. This Mr. Leiffer was the lawyer who drew out the will. He went in search of the child, now a girl of eighteen, but could find no trace of her at all, or of Mr. Limowell, who had taken care of her. He had lived at Long or, to speak more correctly, near Long Branch, in a very lonely spot, and had gone away, no one knew where or when. That's the story of the heir; now hear mine. I don't know who my father or mother was o anything about them. Ever since I can remember I lived with a Mr. Limowell in a lonely house near Long Branch. I was told that my name was Francesca, but whenever l asked about my father and mother, I was told that they were both dead, long ago, and that I mustn't ask any questions. Mr. Limowell was a harsh, stern man, so ugly in temper that I fairly grew to hate the very sight of him. About a year ago he brought a young man to the house, introduced him to me, and said that he was to be my husband. That very night I ran away and came to New York. Brown Betty, an old colored woman who took care of the house and had always looked out for me since I was a child, advised me to take the I had twenty-five dollars which I had saved up, and I knew that would keep me until something to do. Brown Betty knew Mrs. O'Hoolihan and sent me here. Now compare the two stories; have I not reason to beeve that I am the missing heir for whom this fortune of half a million of dollars waits?"

Craige was thoroughly astonished. It was than probable, and his quick mind speedily comprehended how easily a skillful lawyer, particularly one not over scrupulous, could supply the missing links in the chain of I was one of the furst pilgrims that hoofed it

Well, it certainly does look as if you were

"Am I not justified, then, in accepting the fortune that chance throws into my lap?" "Most certainly! It would be tempting Providence to refuse."

"And think, too, of the happiness that such a vast sum of money will bring me. "Money does not always bring happiness, you know

Ah, yes, but it does if it is rightly used, the girl cried, eagerly. "It won't turn my head, either, although I have been used to

"And I shall be able to pay the debts I

"Do you owe many?"

poverty all my life.

"Oh, no; you are my greatest creditor," and the pretty girl rested her little hand upon the arm of the young man and looked him full in the face with her great dark eyes, now moistened with emotio

Craige was visibly affected, but he was an honest hearted fellow, and seldom tried to conceal his feelings.

Why, what do you owe me?" "Everything!" the girl exclaimed, impulsively; "haven't you tried to educate me—to teach me how to avoid danger in the narrow ane of life which fate forced me to tread? Do you think that I shall ever forget your kindness? Oh, no! Why, my first thought Ronald, when I was told that I was the heir to all this money, was that I should be able to

And how do you intend to repay me," the actor asked, smiling at the eager, up-turned "Oh, I don't know! You must tell me.

able to leave it. "I don't exactly see how you manage to

figure that out," Craige observed, laughing. "I haven't come in for a fortune of half a "You have always been ready to help me when I needed help," she replied, "and now, when I get this money, I shall consider it as

much yours as mine." A moment the young actor gazed earnestly into the expressive face, the dusk of the night partly concealing the blushes which flooded throat, cheeks and temples, and then, with a gentle motion, he extended his arms and drew

the young girl gently to his manly breast.
"Why, little one," he said, "do you think that I am the sort of man to take any unfair advantage? Just think of the prospect that lies before you. A half a million of dollars! Why, with such a sum of money as that you can buy your way into the best society in the country. Few circles in this great republic so select as to ask 'Who or what is she?' No; the question generally put is, 'How much is she worth? Gold is the touch-stone which tries all mankind. I am a poor man, some-thing of a scholar, but, like a fool, I have chosen a profession, the pursuit of which brings no honor. In the eyes of two-thirds of the world, the actor is still a vagabond, just as he used to be considered legally, in the old English time, when the stocks and the whipping-post awaited him if he chanced to merit the displeasure of some petty official. You will be a rich young lady, an heiress; do you think that I, really an outcast from the charmed circle called society, would try to hamper you by recalling to your memory the old days when we were both poor together Oh, no, Frank; I am no such man. the gift that fortune gives and forget that

"Bless you, my children!" cried a hoarse roice, in foreign accents; "I, your farder

(To be continued--commenced in No. 387.)

### HOPE

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

Standing alone on the ocean shore,
Looking afar o'er the trackless tide,
Deaf to the sound of the water's roar,
Is winsome Jennie, the fisherman's bride!
Watching the ships, with their snowy wings,
As they dance, like will-o'-wisps, over the sea,
And wondering asks, "Which shallop brings
My husband, my darling, again to me?"

Yet no shallop, with white wings spread, Entered the harbor: but each passed by; And she watched till the golden sun grew red, And bathed in purple the western sky. The sails all vanished, like phantoms white, In the rising mists and the gathering gloom; And she turned from the shore, where the waters bright

Sung over and over their mournful tune.

Perhaps a tear for a moment dimmed The dusk brown eyes of the waiting bride; But in youth's glad hours hope is undimmed, And she said, "He will come with to-morrow And she traced the sands that the waves had

kissed To the cot that nestled near to the shore, With only the thought that to-day had missed The joy that to-morrow held in store.

Ah! how many hope, and, hoping, wait
On the shimmering sands of life's great shore,
Watching in vain for the hand of fate
To oring their hopes ere the day is o'er!
Though the sun goes down and the night looms

And only wrecks are strewn at their feet, Yet hope returns, like the dove to the ark, And brings to the waiting the faith so sweet.

Oh! perfect and pure is the flower of Hope!
So nurture it tenderly while you may;
Though it buds to bloom on life's sunny slope,
It bursts in full glory on the downward way;
And Hope will shine though sorrows pale
Encompass it round; and a Niobe's tears
Can never drown in the shadowed vale
The light that was born for eternity's years.

# The Velvet Hand:

THE IRON GRIP OF INJUN DICK.

A Wild Story of the Cinnabar Mines.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "INJUN DICK," "OVERLAND KIT,"
"ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "KENTUCK
THE SPORT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AT SHERIFF'S SALE. THE morning of the day appointed for the sale of the Cinnabar mine property came bright and beautiful.

Ten o'clock was the hour set for the sale. and quite a crowd had collected around and about the premises as the time drew nigh.

Prominent among the idlers who were plainly collected out of pure curiosity, and who had no idea of investing in the property was Joe Bowers, who was the center of a littl group, as he generally contrived to be.

'Oh, I tell yer wot it is, gentl'men, I know this hyer property from A to izzard!" he de claimed with lofty accent. "I knew it in the time when this hyer town was furst started. up this hyer valley, I was! Oh, them were lively times, you bet! I've seen more good old gold dust taken out of this hyer minewhy, gentl'men, talk 'bout yer Big Bonanzas an' yer Consolidated Virginia, an' yer Mariposa grants-why, this hyer mine could knock the socks outen any of 'em! Oh, methinks, me noble bretheren, in me mind's eye, Horatio, I see them times ag'in !"

"Get out!" cried an irreverent bystander, 'this hyer mine is a fraud, anyway! I reckon that I've heered all 'bout it. It's bu'sted every party that has took hold on it!"

'That's so, me noble dook; to the p'int you talk, and straight, by jingo! but it's a bully mine for all that! You don't understand thar's a spell onto it!" and Mr. Bowers sunk his voice to a sort of mysterious whisper as he made this wonderful announcement. "A what!" cried Yuba Bill, who was in the

"A spell—a charm, gentle William!" responded the bummer. "Oh, give us a rest!" ejaculated the tall son

'It's a sure enuff fact!" cried Bowers "Don't I know it, an' don't I say it; an' wlar, oh, whar on this hyer foot-stool is the man wot says that I, Joe Bowers, kin lie? Thar's blood on this mine, feller-citizens! I see'd the fight when good men an' true went down like sheep with the rot; an' the bad spell that's on the place will never be worked off till Injun Dick

Talbot comes to his own ag'in." The name of Injun Dick was tolerably familiar to most of the crowd, and nearly all had neard some account of his connection with the settling of the town of Cinnabar; but some of the bystanders were ignorant of the man and his doing, and one of them, happening to ask You don't like the stage; I have heard you for information in regard to Injun Dick, af-

say so a hundred times, and now you will be forded the bummer, who was never so happy old man!" Clint MacAlpine exclaimed; "thiras when spinning some outrageous yarn, a chance to go into a long story about Injun Dick Talbot and his wonderful adventures Of course the veteran did not trouble him-

self in regard to facts, but he just "waded in," as Yuba would have remarked, and told one of the toughest yarns that mortal man ever lis-

A few minutes before ten the sheriff, Shep ard Blum, arrived upon the ground. Blum, as the readers of Injun Dick will probably remember, was formerly chief of police, but at the last election had succeeded in getting in as

With Blum came the superintendent of the

mine, Bertrand Redan. The good folks of Cinnabar had been on the lookout ever since the affray between the Cin-nabar superintendent and Velvet Hand for a first-class "shooting-match." The gossips of the town, after hearing of the discomfiture of Redan at the hands of the agile and strong-armed Velvet Hand, had looked to see Redan arm himself and assault the card-player on the first favorable occasion. But Redan had man ifested no idea of doing anything of the sort and when questioned in regard to the mattersome anxious souls could not restrain their curiosity—had simply said that he was a fool to allow himself to be drawn into a quarrel at all, and that, as far as he was concerned, he

should pay no further attention to the matter.
This was "taking water" with a vengeance. Cinnabar was woefully disappointed, and the character of the superintendent suffered ac-cordingly. As Joe Bowers had remarked, Things wasn't now as they used to was. Civilization had come and the glories of the old-time Cinnabar City were on the wane. The hour of ten arrived.

Blum mounted a box, and unfolding a legalooking paper proceeded to read the terms of

"The Cinnabar mine, machinery, buildings, tools, etc., to be sold to the highest bidder, ten per cent. of the purchase-money to be paid when the property was knocked down, forty per cent. more in thirty days, and the residue in one year from date.

And just as Blum commenced to read the terms of the auction Velvet Hand, accompanied by Clint. MacAlpine, the mayor of the town, joined the throng.

As the two came up and the velvet suit of the Cinnabar sharp was recognized, many in the crowd exchanged glances, and those individuals who were in the direct line between the new-comers and the Cinnabar superintendent began to edge out of the way. These considerate citizens were not anxious to interfere in any way with the settlement of the quarrel between the superintendent and the Cinnabar man, provided the pair were desirous of setdling the matter by an attempt to "settle each other.

But neither took the slightest notice of the other, much to the disappointment of a great

many in the crowd.

"Now, gents, let's proceed right to business!" cried Blum, after he had finished reading the conditions of the sale. "'Tain't necessary for me to dilate upon this hyer mine. You all on you knows the Cinnabar lode, gents, like a book, and a richer mine don't exist on top of this hyer airth! It's in tip-top running order, so my friend hyer, Mr. Superintendent Redan, says, and I reckon he's posted on mining matters! Now, gents, as life is short and time is flyin', we'll pitch right in to onct! How much am I offered for this hyer mine? On behalf of the owners of a mortgage ag'in' the property risin' twelve thousand shekels I'll bid seven thousand dollars!'

This announcement took the crowd by surprise, for one and all expected that the property would go dirt cheap. They had not anticipated this action upon the part of the wily gentleman of California street in that thriving ourg of Fr'isco.

But these sharps had put considerable money into the Cinnabar property, and they intended to either have their money or the mine. Seven thousand dollars!

"seven thousand—do I hear the eight?"

'Eight thousand!" exclaimed Mr. Superin-

tendant Redan. "Eight thousand dollars-eight thou-nine Thank you, sir!" and the sheriff bowed, apparently to an individual on the outskirts of

Everybody looked to see who had bid nine thousand, for no one had heard the bid: but the look was vain as far as information was oncerned, for the men in the locality where the auctioneer had directed his bow were evi-

dently as much amazed as the rest. And then all at once it flashed upon the een-witted ones of the crowd that the ninethousand bidders were the Fr'isco sharps—the ulls and bears who roamed unchecked around the Bank of California.

"Nine thousand—who says ten?"

It was the clear voice of the Velvet Hand that spoke this time, and Del Colma, standing gloomily by the door of the little cottage, ull-eyed and wan of face, started.

"Ten thousand—eleven!" another rise from the mortgagees. "Now who says twelve?" "Twelve thousand! A woman's voice this time, clear as the ring

of a silver coin and sweet as the breathing of a It was Blanche del Colma in the cottage

Twelve-twelve thousand-no advance, -the Fr'isco gents were done. "Twelve thousand dollars, going, going-gone! Miss

del Colma! Blanche had bought the mine!

CHAPTER XXX. A DARING DEED A woman buy the Cinnabar mine! a nine days' wonder! And that woman, too, the

proud and haughty Californian girl. "Miss Del Colma—twelve thousand dollars!" from lip to lip in the crowd the words passed, and every eye turned to gaze upon her, but she had discreetly withdrawn within the cot-

Upon the face of the late superintendent of the mine, the cold-visaged Redan, sat a look of The prize he had toiled angry astonishment. so hard to gain had been wrested from his grasp right in the moment of apparent victo-Redan was fully prepared to pay ten thousand dollars for the mine, but to

twelve was too much for him. Another thoroughly astonished personage was Fernando del Colma. If the hoary head of old Shasta's peak had nodded and cried out, Twelve thousand dollars for the Cinnabar ode!" he would not have been much more amazed.

As for the other party interested in the sale the cool and quiet Velvet Hand, he did not seem in the least surprised, but took it as a matter of course.

"Why didn't you give thirteen thousand,

teen would have corraled your elephant.

"Oh, it isn't manners to bid against a lady, the sharp replied with a laugh; "besides, twelve thousand sized my pile. When the blind is too much for my hand, I always 'stay out' of the game."

The sheriff approached Del Colma, who was till standing moodily by the door of the cotage, the little throng in the meantime rapidly

dispersing. "Ten per cent., you know, must be put up now," Blum said, supposing as a matter of course that the girl had bid the mine in on be-

nalf of her brother. "I know nothing about it," Del Colma anwered.

"Well, I reckoned that you and the lady nad fixed the matter between you," Blum exclaimed, astonished.

"I don't know anything about it," Del Colma repeated, "and what induced the girl to bid twelve thousand dollars when she hasn't got twelve thousand cents is an utter mystery

The sheriff expressed the astonishment welling within his manly bosom by a loud

whistle. "Blazes and Thomas!" he ejaculated, "here's nice go! Have I got to sell the thing over ag'in, and the hull caboodle gone? Well, this s a sweet mess! Why, the gal must be crazy!

"Perhaps you had better go in and see what she has to say about it," suggested Del Colma.
"I for one am utterly bewildered by her action. Twelve thousand dollars? Why, I don't believe that she has got ten dollars in the world. I took all her money to put into this infernal mine, and like a hungry demon it has swallowed all and now clamors for more.'

"All right; I'll go in and see what she has so say about the thing. You'll excuse me, colonel, if I give vent to my feelings and say, darn these women critters! they are allers nixin' things up!" and thus having in a measure relieved his mind, the big sheriff marched into the hou e.

Like the majority of big men, Blum prided nimself upon being a lady's man; and so, when ne came into the room where Blanche sat, he

removed his hat and bowed gallantly. "Excuse my intruding, miss, but I'm the sheriff, and I've come to see about this hyer auction sale.

"Yes?" said the girl, smiling in her cold, tately way. As Blum afterward said, in describing the nterview, "she could jest hang herself alongside of any of them furrin queens an' sich, an nary one of them would take the starch outen

"You bought the mine, miss-twelve thousand dollars.

"Yes, sir."
"I spoke to your brother about it." 'He knows nothing of my affairs," said the girl, with dignity.

'So he said, miss; well, there's ten per cent. o be paid to onc't.' "Ten per cent. of twelve thousand is twelve hundred dollars," Blanche observed. "Yes, miss, I guess that is correct."

The worthy sheriff was not a man of figures. and he was getting out his book and pencil to ascertain the amount, when the girl spoke: out her prompt declaration carried conviction with it.

Blanche took a buckskin bag from her pocked and counted out in double-eagles the sum of twelve hundred dollars, a sight which made the eyes of the stout sheriff fairly blaze Never before in all his life had he seen such an enticing display.

Sixty double-eagles, all arrayed in nice little piles.

Count the money and give me a receipt, blease," she said, in quite a business-like way. The sheriff, much astonished, mechanically did as he was bid. This was the lady whom ner own brother pronounced to be not worth twelve hundred cents.

"Correct?" Blanche asked. "Quite correct," the sheriff replied, the

Then he wrote a receipt and handed it to the

"Forty per cent. more in thirty days?" she Yes, miss: and then the deed will be given

and the mortgage prepared." "Very well; the money will be ready. Good-morning. The sheriff understood that this was a polite hint that the interview was ended, so he gathered up the gold and withdrew with his load,

no light one, as any man will find who attempts to walk off with sixty double-eagles. Blum marched out of the house feeling duly elated, for he had feared that the whole "busi ness" would have to be performed over again. and he had no wish to figure as the victim of a

silly woman's whims. 'Now, whar is this durned old Californian who sed that this air beautiful heifer war clean bu'sted?" the sheriff ejaculated, as he strode out of the house. "Whar is he, so I kin shake the double-eagles at him and make him look sick-tryin' to fool the sheriff of this hyar durned old corral with sich a cock-and-bull

story! But the Californian had departed. Gloomy and desperate, he had yielded to Redan's suggestion that he had better try some liquor to keep his courage up.

The wily superintendent was anxious to learn how Blanche had possibly contrived to raise so large a sum as twelve thousand dol-

Del Colma could not afford him any information though. In fact, the Californian bluntly declared that he believed the girl had lost her wits, and that bidding for the mine was but the whim of a moment

Anxious to learn the truth, Redan hurried away, as soon as he conveniently could, leaving Del Colma to continue the debauch which he had commenced.

It was not often that the Californian yielded to the demon of drink, but when he did, he drank until bereft of both sense and reason The superintendent hunted up the sheriff. and that worthy, in reply to the question as to whether the girl had made good the ten-percent. deposit, shook a handful of golden coins in the face of the questioner.

"Did she make it good!" he cried, exultantly; "well, now, she did, you bet! Ponied up jest like a little man, the solid stuff, an' I'm petting my head ag'in a lump of quartz that

she's good for every cent!" Amazed and disgusted, Redan strode away, ais face overcast with a portentous frown. The game was going most decidedly against

Del Colma came not home to his cottage that day; but as he was in the habit of re maining absent at times without warning Blanche was not alarmed.

Night came and still no Fernando. Instructing Sanchez to keep watch for her brother Blanche retired to rest, and about the midnight hour the sleepy hostler, dozing in his chair, was suddenly aroused by a most rude attack.

Who or what his assailants were he could not tell, for he was blindfolded, gagged and securely bound in an instant.

Then the midnight marauders ascended to the room where sleeping innocence reposed.

Bound, blindfolded and gagged, wrapped closely in a blanket, Blanche was borne from

her apartment, placed upon the back of a horse, securely held by stout arms, and then, by a dark, circuitous route, was carried out of the town of Cinnabar.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 380.)

### A LOVE CALL.

BY E. Z. WAY.

Maiden of the nut-brown hair, Radiant eyes and glowing cheek, Let Love lure you, sweetest, where Brownies play at hide-and-seek.

Deep within the drowsy dell
We will wander, wondering why
Tongue and lip will fail to tell
All the love breathed in a sigh,

Overhead the whispering trees; Underneath the couch of green; While the murmuring brook and stream Prattle of the brownie green.

Lulu of the nut-brown hair,
Glowing cheek and radiant eye,
Do you fail to meet me there,
Love may wait but—Love may die!

# A Woman's Hand:

THE MYSTERY OF MEREDITH PLACE.

BY SEELEY REGESTER,

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD LETTER," ETC. CHAPTER X.

THE next day the whole village of Hampton turned out to look for the desperado who had ventured under its very nose, but the village was too late—that day I was sleeping off my fatigue in a small room of a miserable boarding-house in one of New York's quasi-respectable streets. I had decided that, since Miss Millar knew of my being secreted at Grandmen able streets. I had decided that, since Miss Miller knew of my being secreted at Gram'me Hooker's, it would not be safe for me to linger there, only long enough to gather up my slender purse and small effects; I was fortunate enough to reach the night-train, which my pursuers were not—they thought of that train a little too late—and I was off.

I felt that this incident would revive the secrete for me, for some time I remeined very

I felt that this incident would revive the search for me; for some time I remained very quiet in my lodgings, enacting the part of a gentleman in poor health, recovering from an attack of typhoid fever. My looks were sufficiently wretched to support this character; I had grown thin during that exciting summer, pale with confinement and want of exercise, and have and with any left.

pale with confinement and want of exercise, and haggard with anxiety.

My erst boyish face began to be covered with a beard which I allowed to grow as it would. I took on the name of John Milton, that the initials might tally with those on my clothes and carpet-bag—a liberty of which I hope the great poet was unconscious—and was known as Doctor Milton by my landlady and fellow-boarders. It was generally understood that I had contracted fever by visiting hospital patients, and that as soon as I was recuperated I expected to set up an office and begin the practice of medicine.

expected to set up an onice and begin the practice of medicine.

This was my intention, which I soon carried into effect. I had abandoned my plan of going West for the present—I could not place such a distance between myself and Lillian, especially

distance between myself and Lillian, especially while that which concerned her interests remained in such deep mystery.

I did not much fear detection if I avoided places of public amusement, and kept "my eyes about me." I was in a quarter of the city which once had been aristocratic, but was now given over to moderate-priced boarding-houses and unfashionable renters. infashionable renters.

unfashionable renters.

I had no difficulty in getting an office in the basement of a very decent house adjoining that in which I took my meals, with "John Milton, M. D.," in gilt letters, displayed in the window. All the boarders of our house promised me their patronage. One old lady, living on an annuity which lett her, sometimes, fifteen or twenty dollars over her expenses at the end of a year, see ars over her expenses at the end of a year, seeing how poor and forlorn I evidently was, was so benevolent as to feign a cramp in her foot

so benevolent as to feign a cramp in her foot and a loss of appetite, as an excuse to call me in and pay me three dollars for as many visits.

The old lady loved me, I know, from a resemblance, real or fan:ied, which I bore to her son, drowned at sea years before, and I was grateful for any one's love in those days. I passed some quiet, pleasant evenings with her; but I did not take her into my confidence.

My great need in these times was to hear

My great need, in these times, was to hear from Lillian. I could not longer watch my darling from a distance. I could no even know if she were sick, or in want. Gram'me Hooker was no expert with the pen, and I, of course, could write to no one. Many times I wrote letters to my cousin, and then placed them in the fire instead of in the post. The expression of my anxiety and longing in words was a relief, though I destroyed the sheet the next hour. Miss Miller was now in the city. She re-curred, with the Chateaubriands, in November, and was still governess in their family. What interested me more, and gave me something to interested me more, and gave me something to do in the way of speculation, was the fact that Arthur was also in New York, having bidden Hampton farewell, and resumed his practice in a Wall street office. He had not brought Lillian

with him as his bride—nor Inez. Instead, I discovered, by dint of much hovering in that vicinity of evenings, that he was a constant visitor at the Chauteaubriands' in Madison square. More, he visited there mornings, like a

entleman of leisure; he sent costly flowers, and me in expensive carriages to take the young I made myself familiar with his habits; knew the price he paid for his board at a stylish hotel; what stables he patronized, and what billiard-tables. I was not long in discovering that his income from his practice would not equal the tenth part of his expenditures. There was "a screw loose" somewhere. It might be

hat he won money in gambling, but I did not observed no such change in his sister's habits. I saw her, oftentimes, accompanying her charges, or going with the young ladies to drive or shop. She was always dressed with great plainness, and her demeanor was quiet and sad. The haughty ambition which once spoke in every look and gesture, was no longer there. Still she was a woman who made her presence felt. The Chateaubriands treated her with the greatest respect, and were anxious that she should be contented in their family.

I knew that she corresponded regularly with Lillian. Sometimes I was tempted to betray myself to her, and ask for news. I should have

been foolish to do so, not knowing how much her mood might have changed since our curious interview in the dining-room at Meredith Place. It was said that Arthur Miller and Miss Cha-teaubriand were engaged with the consent of her parents, the young man, under Mr. Chateau-briand's skillful direction, having recently gone o some operations in stocks, which had proven

ghly successful, and given him at least the eginning of a fortune to match with that of his I could easily credit that he had attained to this promising position. False, fickle, and of no distinctive talent, he was one of those who wear the gilt all on the outside. He could make his way where more modest and more worthy men

ere not admitted. Poor Lillian! she had lost her lover when she lost her prospects of wealth. What if this man had her money, without even such poor salve to his conscience as sharing it with her

might be?
About this time one of those circumstances about this time one of those circumstances occurred, which, trifling in themselves, are yet of great importance when fitted into a mosaic of evidence; and are sometimes startling in the appearance which they have of being ordered by

a special Providence.
One dull December day I was sitting in my office, about as miserable and unoccupied as a man can be, when I was aroused from my re-verie by the sight of a span of runaway horses dashing down the street, dragging a light sleigh or cutter in which were two gentlemen. I just had time to observe the danger, when they ran against another stouter vehicle, and their egg-shell conveyance was crushed into twenty pieces, against another stouter vehicle, and their egg-shell conveyance was crushed into twenty pieces, the occupants were thrown out, and the maddened horses flew on, scattering robes and fragments on the way. One of the gentlemen struck in a pile of snow, which had been shoveled from the walk, and was not at all hurt; the other, less fortunate, was thrown against a lamp-post, and so badly bruised that he was insensible when taken up. He was carried into my office and laid on my threadbare sofa. His head was bleeding from the blow which had stunned him, but he was not otherwise much injured, and I was enabled to assure his alarmed friend that the consequences would not be serious. By the application of stimulants he soon revived, when the crowd dispersed, and his companion, leaving him with me to still further recover, went to look after the horses. He was gone some time. Meanwhile my patient lay comfortably on the sofa, bearing his misfortune like a philosopher. We talked together, when he began to feel like it, and I saw, what I had before conjectured from his features and dress, that he was a Cuban. He was wrapped, almost to his eyes, in rich furs, and his dress was elegant and foppish. He was young and fine-looking, with the yellow complexion, fine silken mustache, and glittering eyes of his countrymen; jewels sparkled in his wristbands and on his slender hands; he glanced about my poor room, half humorously, as if drawing a contrast between it and myself—for he seemed to accord me all the respect I could demand, and to be interested in my conversation.

In the midst of our chat, I drew my handker-

In the midst of our chat, I drew my handkerchief from my pocket Something came with it, and fell, ringing, upon the floor. It was the silver key! I hastily picked it up, but before I could return it to its receptacle the stranger's

"I beg your pardon; may I look at that?"
Handing it to him, he turned it over, looked at the date and lettering, and remarked: It is a curious key; may I ask where you

He had put his question in the shape most difficult to answer.

"It belonged to a friend of mine," I said, not without a hesitation which he must have noticed, "why do you ask?"

"I did not know there were two such in exist-

"I did not know there were two such in existence. My uncle had one precisely similar to this, which had been in his family since they came from Spain. It belonged to a box, made of mahogany, banded with iron, with steel rivets, in which he, and his father before him, kept their money and jewels. The key was manufactured by a locksmith in Madrid especially for that box; yet here is another so much like it I could almost swear the two were one."

Perhaps they are," I said, "or could that

not be? Really, I do not know. My uncle lost his fortune two years ago by mercantile specula-tions into which he entered. Being very proud, he took his losses much to heart, finally emigrating to California in the hope of retrieving them. I have not heard what his success has been—I should think be might do well there; been—I should think be might do well there; but the sight of this key makes me uneasy. I have neglected him too long. I shall write, as soon as I get to my hotel, ask him to forgive my remissness, and to allow me to hear from him occasionally. But you have not told me the friend's name who owned this. Perhaps it was my uncle. Have you been in California?"

"No. And this key was given to me by an American lady. I think she had it from a gentleman who is now dead—a doctor who had returned from California but a short time be-

returned from California but a short time be-

'Ha!" ejaculated the young Cuban, deeply interested

He remained thinking for a moment, which gave me a chance also to reflect. If I told him that his uncle was dead, his cousin married and a widow, he would at once demand her place of residence; would doubtless visit her, when he would make known the news by which he had ascertained her whereabouts, and I should no longer be safe in my new locality. The fact that I had in my possession the key to the box would add to the strong presumptive evidence against me. My own safety demanded that I should keep silence. It must be months before, by inquiries which he might institute in that distant city on the western shore, he would be able to trace his cousin, and in those months the end to which I had pledged myself might ave me a chance also to reflect. If I told the end to which I had pledged myself might

"A doctor," resumed my visitor, after a pause; "that looks bad! Can it be that my uncle is dead; that this physician attended him, perhaps receiving, as his only fee, this empty box, which was once always so crowded with the riches of a proud family?"

I remained silent. He sat up, now, forgetful

I remained silent. He sat up, now, forgetful of his aching wound, in the interest of the sub-

he continued, more to himself than me. "She must be a woman now. I used to fancy the child, little spit-fire though she was. She had so much spirit! bright eyes, too! It is a shame for our family to have neglected her so. I hope her father has not died and left her alone in that wicked city. It would be terrible, though, doubtless, she is married before this. She was a coquette from her cradle—little Inez was—a cunning child;" then to me: "You say the friend is dead who possessed this. Then, I can not seek information in that quarter. I must curb my impatience until I shall hear by letter. Have you any objection to parting with the

key?"

"I should not like to, unless you have a stronger claim upon it than I."

"I don't know that I have any—the least—only as a clue to my uncle, who certainly once owned it. If you prize it, I will not ask it;

owned it. If you prize it, I will not ask it; but if you see the lady soon who gave it to you, pray inquire if she knows its history. I will call upon you again before I leave the city."

Here his friend returned with word that the horses had injured themselves badly, and that he had sent them to the stable, jested about the accident, and the cost of a sleigh-ride—"a novelty," he said, "with which he was now sufficiently acquainted." It seemed they had sufficiently acquainted." It seemed they had turned off the main routes, because the sleigh-

ing was better in our quiet avenue.
"Supposing I should obtain information which I thought you would like to receive?" I

asked, as they prepared to leave.

"Call on me at the New York Hotel; I shall be there for the next four weeks. Farewell, and many thanks for your attention."

He laid his card on the table, along with a gold view on the table, along with a

gold piece quite too large for the slight service which had been rendered; but I did not see the money until, after they had left, I raised the

card.

"'Don Miguel de Almeda'—quite a grand name," I mused, smiling at the pompous sound as I read. "I wish his Donship had not left so much money. It looks too much like bestown much money. It looks too much like bestow-ing alms!" I, too, was proud, with the pride of an American, who, while he laughs at titles, likes well to preserve his independence. "If he comes again, I'll give him his gold piece; if he don't, why, it seems as if fate had made me a present of the means for a journey to Meredith

longing and restlessness of a fever-patient; and the first use which it occurred to me to make of the money was to spend it in a secret visit to the

well as if I could see their daily life, how Inez' petulance and complaining wore upon my cousin, and that the burden of the work must rest upon her shoulders.

It would be cowardly in me to place my own convenience in the way of the interest of either of those two girls.

I was not long in making up my mind that I would call upon the Don and inform him where his cousin Inez could be found. But before taking such a step, it was evident that I must be prepared to quit my present name and locality, and that so prudently as to leave no trace of my flight; for Don Miguel would of course relate by what means he had discovered his cousin, when it would at once be surmised who had the key of the missing box, and I should be arrested in less than three days.

in less than three days.

"It will be a month before he leaves the city," I said to myself. "In ten days it will be Christmas. I will take my holiday then. One brief visit, under cover of night and darkness, to the old place; one stolen look at Lillian's face—then, if nothing cocurs to give the first section. old place; one stolen look at Lallan's face—then, if nothing occurs to give me further hope of a speedy solution of the problem, I will return, place Don'Miguel on the track of his cousin, and myself fly to some more distant city, where I can go to work with a will to do something for my derling's easy and comfort. They will be ny darling's ease and comfort, Inez will be provided for; perhaps, also, Lillian, for the

Here a spasm of jealousy shook my heart-strings. The Cuban gentleman was young and attractive in every way—he could not meet Lil-lian without being enchanted by her! What was to be expected but that they should love one

If Lillian's affections were not hopelessly If Lillian's affections were not hopelessly fixed upon Arthur, nothing, I argued, could prevent those two from becoming interested in each other. The Cuban, accustomed to the darker charms of the South, would be doubly alive to the exquisite type of my cousin's beauty; while he, so gallant, so graceful in every movement, full of pride and high spirits, would appear to her as if one of the heroes had walked out of a poet's story to meet her.

Well, why should it not be so? This would furnish for her all that I craved for her welfare—love, protection, and wealth. Ought I not, poor as I was, resting under a cloud, compelled to work under every disadvantage, to be

elled to work under every disadvantage, to be lad to throw such a chance in her way? I ad not the least idea that my cousin ever thought of me, except as a cousin, and a vagrant one at that. She no more guessed the passion I felt for her than that she had a lover in the

said to myself that I should like to know that she was mated with one who struck me as favorably as this young gentleman. But my heart gave the words the lie. It would make me unutterably miserable to know it. Was unutterable misery too great a sacrifice to make for her? No, it was not! I would make it. My plan should be cerried out.

plan should be carried out.

Perhaps better days were in store for all but me. I can afford to smile sadly now as I look back and recall with what a brave struggle I nerved myself to send a suitor to the feet of the girl I loved—a lover to my own darling.

CHAPTER XI.

A HEART VAIL THROWN ASIDE.
CHRISTMAS eve was passing into Christmas morn as the midnight train dropped me at Hampton station. A slouched hat and thick overcoat were all the disguise needed at that onely hour: I felt no ap orehension of being re tonery hour, Trete no apprehension of being recognized, even if I should encounter acquaintances. The train went roaring off into the distance, and I turned to my solitary walk.

The moon hung directly in the zenith, the snow lay in dazzling whiteness everywhere; it

snow lay in dazzling whiteness everywhere: it was the perfection of a winter night—calm, brilliant, cold. The station was between Hampton and Meredith Place; between the station and the latter place was the cemetery of the village. As I passed it, its white tomb-stones, standing solemnly in the whiter moonlight, looking so desolate as they rose out of the drifted snow, my heart urged me to go in and linger a few moments by the graves of my relatives—by his grave, dearest friend I ever had, save one. For I had loved my uncle as I loved no other human being except his daughter. Mine was not one of those natures to love swiftly and warmly—to forget quickly and coldly. With

was not one of those natures to love swiftly and warmly—to forget quickly and coldly. With me, love was deathless.

Opening the smaller gate, I passed along the untrodden road until I came to the path which led off to two mounds rising side by side, one crowned with a slender marble shaft, the other as yet unmarked. The path to these graves bore the print of feet which had come and gone more than once; and as I knell beside them. I bore the print of feet which had come and gone more than once; and as I knelt beside them, I saw myrtle wreaths laid on both, while on Dr. Meredith's was a garland of the most fragrant and costly hot-house flowers, so fresh that I could guess that it had not been there many hours. I knew who placed it there. I had informed myself of Miss Miller's intention to spend her fortnight's holiday with Lillian in her humble little home. Lillian was to have a humble little home. Lillian was to have a brief vacation, like the rest, and her former governess was to visit her, not only for the enjoyment of her society, but to clear up some of the difficulties in the path of the young eacher. From a dark corner of the New York depot I had watched Miss Miller depart, six nours earlier than myself, and in her hand she had carried this wreath; I could guess that she too, had paused, in coming, at this cemetery and had left there, under the shadow of the twilight, this token of remembrance, unseen by

mortal eyes.

Would a murderess deposit flowers on the grave of her victim?

The thought struck me there with the force of something new. Still, many a woman has murdered the man she passionately loved, giving

dered the man she passionately loved, giving up her after-life to remorse and despair. But flowers! Oh, how could she bring them to mock this cold and glittering mound if she had anything to do in bringing the sleeper here?—tearing him away from life, when at its fullest and best, to bind him here an untimely prisoner! To think of it made me furious. I caught the wreath and tore it in a hundred parts, which I threw as far from the grave thus desecrated as my arm had strength to hurl them.

"Murderess! murderess! murderess!" I kept hissing between my shut teeth, as I did so.

"No! do not call me by that dreadful name." I started as the unexpected voice said this, close at my side—deep, trying to be firm, but trembling with pathetic weakness—started as if a ghost had risen from the tombs about me.

"You, Miss Miller, here, at this hour of the

You, Miss Miller, here, at this hour of the

"You, Miss Miller, here, at this nour of the night!"

"Why do you persecute me?" she continued, reproachfully, with a manner so totally unlike her usual haughty self-possession, that I was touched in spite of myself. "My poor flowers, even, are not allowed to warm his icy grave—I, who loved him with a love which put to shame the tamer and more selfish affection of all his other friends! Lillian, poor child, she truly appreciated him. I love her. I would do anything for her; but that other—that soulless, heartless thing! neither woman nor child, without feeling, save for herself! without power to

I did not feel quite at ease about allowing Don Miguel to go away with no tidings of his cousin. I had boasted to myself my intention of supporting Inez, if Lillian should marry. It is true that my feelings toward the young widow had changed very much since the night I had detected her in a stolen interview with Arthur Miller; I now knew her to be fickle, imprudent and selfish, if nothing worse. Still she was young, scarcely more than a child, and never had received training to make her otherwise than what she was—the creature of every impulse. I did not mean to be too severe in my condemnation of her conduct. If this cousin of hers really felt any interest in her, it would probably be very greatly to her advantage that he should be allowed to know where she was. He was rich and liberal. It was natural to suppose that he would take her with him to her relatives in Cuba, if she would consent to go. This would be much better for her than giving lessons on the guitar. It would certainly be a hundred times better for Lillian. I knew, as well as if I could see their daily life, how lnez' petulance and complaining wore upon my cousin, and that the bourden of the work must

mies; let us be open in our warfare. So, if you wish it; as for me, I would rather enter into a league with you. I admire your subtlety and your perseverance. I believe if we enter into a compact to serve each other, that both will sooner arrive at the truth. Both have the same object in view. Why not join forces?"

"My object is to discover and punish my uncle's murderer," I replied, coldly, although intensely surprised at her excited words, especially at her last request. "To punish that murderer, without show of mercy, be it man or woman; and to restore, if possible, to my beloved cousin the patrimony of which she has been so relentlessly robbed."

"Our aims are identical; then why not enter into a partnership? I know, perfectly, that for a long time you believed me—me only—to be the guilty person; that at times, even yet, though you have seen things which have shaken your first impressions, they return upon you at intervals, as they did to-night. I acknowledge, also, that for some time I believed you were the criminal; but I now exonerate you in my own mind from the slightest suspicion. I have satisfied myself by watching you. If I were called to the witness-stand to-morrow, I should swear my col viction of your innocence. You think me hard and designing, but I try always to do justice. You disliked me because you thought I had designs upon your uncle. I had, if to love a man as I loved Doctor Meredith, can be called having a design upon him. I appreciated him; I enjoyed studies which he enjoyed; the bent of our tastes was similar. I felt that, should he be drawn to love me, we should be very happy together. I acknowledge that, during his absence in California, I was upheld in our loneliness and almost absolute poverty, to do my duty to his child, and take care of his house, by the hope that, they have the tother or the proper in the proper would see what I was to the that on his return he would see what I was to fornia, I was upheld in our loneliness and almost absolute poverty, to do my duty to his child, and take care of his house, by the hope that, on his retifin, he would see what I was to him, and we should be married. Was there anything selfish or vile in that? You are young, sir, and youth, let me tell you, is ever critical and exacting in proportion to its own inexperience and vanity. Had you been older, better read in the world, you would not have been so free in launching your arrows of scorn at a woman, the depth of whose nature yours could not fathom."

fathom."

She paused a moment, in a superb attitude of passion and tragic grief, the frosty moonlight increasing the pallor of her face, her eyes blazing, her lips quivering; I was silent, for I felt the force of what she said, and remorse for the many wicked opinions I had indulged against her.

many wicked opinions I had indulged against her.

"You must be aware," she went on, "that I was sacrificing much in remaining, as I did, at Meredith Place—and if I expected my reward, what was that more than others, than you, yourself, would do? I did look forward to a union with Dr. Meredith, but I should not have cherished this expectation had I not felt myself entirely capable of being his friend and helpmeet as well as his wife. God knows I was selfish, in that I expected to be so blessed, after a lonely and desolate life—but not entirely selfish, for I looked, also, to his happiness."

a lonely and desolate life—but not entirely selfish, for I looked, also, to his happiness."

She paused again.

"It was not pleasant for me to feel that you were always watching me, nor that you laughed at my feeling, setting me down as a woman too old to be romantic—only you could truly love, beardless boy that you were! It is never agreeable for a woman to have her love suspected before she is certain of its refunn becar. agreeable for a woman to have her love suspected before she is certain of its return; hence, I did not like you to play the spy upon my heart. I did not like you, your antecedents, nor the promise you gave for the future. I was willing that Lillian should have opportunity to see other young men, before she became entangled with you, and I brought on my brother Arthur, and introduced her to the young seciety of the will you, and I brought on my brother Arthur, and introduced her to the young society of the village, with the purpose of giving her freedom of choice. You put the worst construction on all my actions; so be it—I forgive you for it, if only ou will work with me for an object in which we

you will work with me for an object in which we have equal interest.

"When Dr. Meredith brought home that silly creature, you alone guessed the effect it had upon me. The first few hours I was stunned by the blow. Pride enabled me to keep up appearances, but I was wretched, most wretched, for my own sake. But when I grew calm enough to look upon her, I began to grow miserable for his sake. I saw the mistake he had made—a mistake which one of his generous and unworld-Ity nature would be sure to make under the ciry nature would be sure to make under the cir-She was silent, apparently lost in painful re-

collections.

"You have called her a silly creature, a child and a tigress," I remarked, after a moment; "do you speak at random?"

"No, she is all three—a child in want of discipline; silly by the narrowness of her mind and smallness of her ideas; a tigress in passion, when her Southern blood is aroused." "Then why have you permitted your brother to be so attentive to her?"

"Some things must be permitted that others may be accomplished. Oh, to think of her, allowing her wayward fancies to run after other men, when he, her benefactor and husband, lies here with the snow above him—the cold

Her last words were sobbed out, and she made a movement as if to throw herself on his grave, but restrained herself, wiped the icy which were freezing on her cheeks, and

went on:

"Tell me, truly, Mr. Meredith, have you not reversed your decision with regard to me?—have you not been forced to conclude that I am not the guilty party?—(as if I would have harmed a hair of his head!)" in an undertone to herself. "Is there not another person whose conduct really gives rise to more suspicion than

There is," I said, after an instant's hesita "Would you spare her any more than me, if she should be found guilty by you and me in our researches?"

No. I would not," I answered, shuddering She noticed the shiver, and seemed to think I said. "Possibly, too, we might be observed. How long did you expect to stay in this vi-

"Only twenty-four hours."
"Will you be at Gram-me Hooker's? I ask, because I would like to see you again, to compare notes with regard to a certain person."

'I do not know. Is there a tenant now at redith Place?"
'Lillian told me there was none. The house is entirely empty—for the stories of its being haunted keep all intruders away. I came out to-night, after Lillian and Inez were in bed. I wished to visit this place alone. I had little thought of your being here. If you were the murderer you would fly from, instead of to, this

Perhaps—though I have heard of guilty onsciences which forever urged their owners in to the lonely hollows of the deep wells where ne bodies of their victims lay concealed. Miss

"It has," she said quickly; "but the idea is always controverted by the probability that, in such a case, he would have left his dying message before he drank the fatal draught. We should have known the meaning of that mystery—the figure eight."

"True."

"True."

"We must not linger here. I will talk with you about these matters to-morrow. In the afternoon, just before tea, I will walk out to Meredith Place. Are you not going?"

"In a moment."

She turned away, and I, stooping, plucked a spray from the myrtle which Lillian had twined for her mother's grave. Kissing the dry, senseless leaves, I placed them in my note-book, and struck off into the woods which fringed one side of the cemetery. No leaves now on the bare and glittering branches, which swung with melancholy and mysterious moans, above me, while the crisp snow crackled under my feet. By a circuitous route through the familiar By a circuitous route through the familiar forest, I gained Meredith Place, deserted now even by Tiger. The mansion loomed up in the night, huge and desolate; the ivy waving from the stone tower seemed the only living thing there.

I was greatly agitated as I approached it; so much had been done and suffered in that house, I could not behold it again, after an abhouse, I could not behold it again, after an absence, without emotion. I soon found a window which yielded to my efforts, and opening it, I entered, closed it behind me, and was alone in the shadowy, dimly-moonlighted, chilly house, which, one year ago, had been so warm and bright with love, hope, and gay young life. Too much agitated to feel sleepy, I walked through all the familiar rooms, in which the old furniture still kept its place. The clock was silent now, in the silent hall. In a freak of fancy I climbed to the face and wound it up. "If

I climbed to the face and wound it up. "I visitors should come here within the week, the will swear the place is haunted, sure enough,"

will swear the place is haunted, sure enough," I thought, as I turned the key and set the pendulum to swinging.

Immediately the voice of the old clock pealed out loud and clear, ringing through the empty mansion with startling distinctness. Again, as once before—gight!

mansion with startling distinctness. Again, as once before—eight!

I can not describe how solemn and powerful the effect upon my excited mind. Did the time-piece always pause at that precise point, when it run down—or was this a chance coincidence? Doubtless the first; but it did not seem thus to me, as I stood alone in the deserted house, long bars of moonlight and black groups of shadows dividing the hall. That startling peal, ringing out for my ear alone, seemed to me my uncle's voice. It said—"You are sleeping—you are letting the months go by; my body is mouldering into dust, my friends are forgetting me—while you rest upon your promise. Work! work! Do not grow discouraged—do not be fooled by a woman's art, nor give way to compassion, nor woman's art, nor give way to compassion, nor be deceived by one or the other, until the pledge you gave is redeemed: Remember the figure hight!"

As if I ever thought of anything else! (To be continued—commenced in No. 385.)

THE INDIAN'S AMBITION.—Civilization has nany points of ambitious attainment—the rewards of letters, triumphs in the forum and egislative hall, the diplomatic bureau, etc .but the Indian has only one prime honor to grasp; it is triumph in the war-path, it is rushing upon his enemy, tearing the scalp reeking from his head, and then uttering his terrific war-whoop. For this crowning act he is permit ted to mount the honored feather of the war eagle—the king of carnivorous birds. By this mark he is publicly known, and his honors recognized by all the tribe, and by the sur-rounding tribes whose customs assimilate. When the scalp of an enemy has been won very great pains are taken to exhibit it. Fo purpose it is stretched on a hoop and mounted on a pole. The inner part is painted red, and the hair adjusted to hang in its natural manner. If it be the scalp of a male, eagles' feathers are attached to denote that fact. If a female, a comb or scissors is hung on the frame. In this condition it is placed in the hands of an old woman, who bears it about in the scalp-dance, while oppro brious epithets are uttered against the from whom it is taken. Amid these wild re joicings the war-cry is vociferated, and the general sentiment with old and young is, "Thus shall it be done to our enemies." The feather of an eagle is the highest honor that a warrior can wear. When it bears a red spot it denote that the warrior has killed an enemy; a notch cut in it, and the edge of the feathers painted red, indicate that the throat of an enemy has been cut. Small consecutive notches on the front side of the feather without paint, denote that the wearer is the third person that has touched the dead body; both edges notched, that he is the fourth person that has touched it; and the feather partly denuded, that he is the fifth person that has touched the slain.

THE BLACK HILLS.—Deadwood is a hetegeneous mass of hastily erected buildings, og and frame—the former predominatingthrown into a narrow gulch, through whose crooked length flows Whitehead creek, with its two thousand inches of turbid, murky liquid, the channel being of gravelly clay The Cheyenne stage road strikes the head of Whitehead creek about fifteen miles from Deadwood, and follows the stream down to the city, entering what has been known as South Deadwood, or Sherman street. Just at present the south side is looming up, owing to the establishment of the post-office on that side. and the consequent attraction of business thereto, so that real estate speculators are reaping a rich harvest.

The town is alive with carpenters, yet the people complain that it is impossible to get anything done. Carpenters are paid from six to eight dollars per day, and are cursed by their employers day and night-not openly, of course, but in secret? as it were.

Two and a half miles above Deadwood, on Deadwood creek, is located Gayville, a young and flourishing town, which will be s cold.
'I will not keep your here any longer," she
d. "Possibly, too, we might be observed.
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we long did you ex night crushing the quartz, and three more are in course of erection. There is on exhibition in one of the banks in Deadwood a lump of retort gold weighing over 127 ounces, from the Father De Smet mine in Gayville, valued at \$2,450, which was the result of an ordinary

day's stamping. Men are working in the gulch, from the head of Deadwood and Whitewood creeks, to the far foothills-hundreds of them-and the very fact that they "keep up their lick" on many claims, night and day, is sufficient evidence that pay dirt is found. Another very convincing evidence is the fact that the four banking houses doing business here, each buy from \$1,000 to \$10,000 in gold dust per day, I, who loved him with a love which put to shame the tamer and more selfish affection of all his other friends! Lillian, poor child, she truly appreciated him. I love her. I would do anything for her; but that other—that soulless, heartless thing! neither woman nor child, without power to out feeling, save for herself! without power to

abouts of his fortune. Has it never occurred to you that he might have been driven to suicide by unpleasant discoveries with regard to his young wife?"

"It has," she said quickly; "but the idea is always controverted by the probability that in with all nonchalance imaginable. The newsboys by dozens throng the streets at eventide, carry the pocket gold scale, and nine-tenth of their customers drop a few grains into the scale scale scale scale scale scales the scale scale scale scales. scale, scarcely looking at the weight, as they snatch the paper and eagerly peruse the latest news. There are at present two papers published in Deadwood-the Black Hills Daily Times and the Pioneer, a weekly.

In addition to the amount mentioned above, there is a constant stream of men going out by the different routes, who have made a "genteel sufficiency," and are going home to enjoy it. They carry out from one to twenty-five thousand dollars apiece, and some of them even more. We shall never know how good fortune has been to these men. They go back to happy homes, erect fine residences, buy large farms and herds, or invest in business enterprises, and the Black Hills knows them no more Their neighbors see them return, observe their prosperity, take it for granted that there is gold in the mines of the West, and ask few questions, while the lucky ones, knowing the great uncertainties of life in the mines, tell far more of the difficulties, dangers and privations of the journey than of the richness of the diggings.

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#### A SONG OF SUMMER.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

To sing of summer, glowing warm, My muse, lend me thy tuneful charm, And keep these flies off in a swarm. Bright summer! O'er the world she weaves Her woof of flowers and tender leaves— And auts go crawling up your sleeves. High rides the sun, which warmly glows, Resplendent till the daytime's close— And mites go swarming in your nose.

The skies so distant seem and white; The far-off hills sleep in the light— And little midges, how they bite! Sweet season of the middle year! We dwell upon thy glories dear— And find a bug within our ear!

We stop to pluck each rose we see That blooms upon the highway free— Exasperating some sly bee! The soul on pinions seems to float; The lips awake the tender note— You suck a fly into your throat. How thrills your heart in summer's track

To see of beauteous things no lack-And feel a spider down your back! We rest beneath the shady boughs; Contented thoughts the time allows— A hornet's nest we then arouse.

The fruit hangs pendant like a charm, We pluck the apple reddening warm— And bite into a hidden worm. How sweet to rise while yet the dews Clothe all the fields with diamond hue And find a pinch-bug in your shoes!

When e'er the evening wind is fair, Our forehead to its breath we bare— And brush the bugs out of our hair. The summer scenes, how sweet they lie! We pause to look lest they fly—And brush the gnats out of our eye. Our feelings how we long to speak! We cast our cares away, and quick-We brush the roaches off our cheek.

The summer, how it strives to please With yellow-jackets, wasps and fleas, Bed-bugs, musketoes and bumble-bees And other things as good as these!

# The Flyaway Afloat:

YANKEE BOYS 'ROUND THE WORLD.

BY C. D. CLARK, AUTHOR OF "YANKEE BOYS IN CEYLON,
"CAMP AND CANOE," "ROD AND RIFLE," "THE SEAL HUNTERS," ETC.

["The Yankee Boys in Ceylon" treats of the ad-entures of a party of young Americans who ["The Yankee Boys in Ceylon" treats of the adventures of a party of young Americans who passed a season in the jungles of Ceylon. The party consisted of three brothers, Dick, Ned and Will Wade, who had a schooner yacht, the Flyaway. In Ceylon they met with a serpent-charmer, Abenhua, and his daughter, Rena. After many adventures, Abenhua was killed by a tiger, and in dying left his daughter to the care of Dave Sawyer, captain of the Flyaway, who married her at Colombo, where the Flyaway started out to finish the trip round the world, of which these papers are the record.]

OFF ACHEEN-THE BATTLE WITH MALAY PI-

OFF ACHEEN—THE BATTLE WITH MALAY PIRATES.
THE Flyaway, under a press of sail, was running through the strait between the Nicobar islands and the northern point of Sumatra. Over the port bow could be seen the coast of Acheen, the most northern province of the island, a long low line upon the distant horizon. The yacht, as she rose and fell upon the surface of the sea, looked beautiful to the eye of a sailor, and Captain Dave Sawyer wore an air of pride as he tack the deek, and watched the light deek.

don't think that they would have the cheek to pitch into the Flyaway?'
Captain Sawyer laughed heartily.
"It beats all how brassy it makes a lot of boys to have a little good luck. Why, blame all my cats, boys; do you hanker after a fight with the Malays?"
"You bet I do!" replied Ned.
"Then you'd better let out the job. As far as

"You bet I do!" replied Ned.

"Then you'd better let out the job. As far as I am concerned I'm always spilling fur a row, but when it comes to fighting Malays, Papuans, and Sooloos for fun, I ain't on the fight; not by a darned sight. Sides, I've got some one to look after now."

He cast a glance at Rona, who, beautiful but sad, was seated near the bow, with her eyes fixed upon the dimpling waves of the smiling sea. What wonder? She was leaving behind her forever the land whom her forever the land where she had been born, and had buried the body of her father upon the rocky hight where he had yielded up his life.

Yet, when she met the free, manly glance of Dave Sawyer, her face brightened.

"Yes, Dave," replied Ned.

"I beg your pardon if I did not think of that.

I hope now that we won't see them; but if we do, and the worst

The Flyaway will show the cleanest pair of heels you ever heard tell about, that's all.
Modo, what are you telegraping about?"
"Proas!" replied Modo, in a low voice.

"Ha!" and Captain Dave brought the glass to his eye; "that's about so, I reckon. And when you see two of the long black cusses laying under the land, like a bald-eagle watching a fish-hawk, you know what they mean. Here, Rona, my gal;

go below at once."

"No," she protested, in her sweet, musical voice, 'Rona will stay if there is danger."

"I don't call it danger," explained Sawyer, with a sniff of disapproval. "You'd better go

"I was always taught to face danger by my father's side," replied Rona. "Let me stay, at least until there is real danger."
"You'll go when I tell you?"

"You'n go when I ten you!

"Yes."
Sawyer looked over his crew. As we have said, it was a strong one for a yacht, and most of the men were old blue-jackets, who had fought bravely before now. Therefore, when they understood that there was a chance of a row, they brightened up, and began to look eagerly at the proas lying so still and silent under the land; but when the sailing-master gave an order which looked like flight, they began to murmur.

"Stand by sheets and tacks! Ready there, you at the wheel! Let her go about as quick as you can, for the Straits of Malacca don't look healthy. Why don't you move, timbertoes?"

"Cap'n," said an old foretopman, advancing and saluting "the deck," "ef so be I mout make so bold, are we to cut and run from such truck as that there?"

truck as that there?"

"Jack Trumbull," cried Sawyer, sternly, "is it possible that you have sailed under me so long that you don't know I won't stand a sea lawyer? Stand by! Do your growling in the

The able seaman touched his hat and slid back to his duty, shaking his head to his mates to intimate that it wouldn't work. The schooner timate that it wouldn't work. The schooner went about like a top, and as her broad sails were spread, it was plain to the waiting Malays that their prey would escape them. At once a gun was fired as a signal, and both proas shot out at once, sailing with remarkable speed, for there is something about the build of the Malay proa which makes them superior to everything except the model American yacht. The Flyaway was a beauty, and as her sails caucht the broads which makes them superior to everything except the model American yacht. The Flyaway was a beauty, and as her sails caught the breeze she began to draw away, slowly at first, then

rapidly widening the distance between her and the pirates. But, even as they sailed on, Captain Dave cast anxious glances at the sky above them, and said something to Modo in a low tone. The Cingalese shook his head, and wetting his finger, held it up in the air.

"Yes, Captain Sahib; it is as you say."

With a doubtful look the captain stepped forward, and scanned the sea and sky more closely.

Quartermaster Wade!" he called out

"Ay, ay, sir!"
"Open the arms chest and deal out arms to the men. Give everyone two revolvers and a cut-lass, and distribute rifles. Send Jack Trumbull

The old salt stepped forward eagerly. "I was going to run, Jack," he explained, "because I didn't care to have our beauty spoiled just for the sake of a row. But the wind is going down, and we must fight, whether we like it or not. Can you handle that rifled Parrott worldwing."

"Ay, sir, ay! The Flyaway didn't orter run from ary pirate that ever sailed, and the boys

all say so."
"I'd run if I could, because there ain't anything to be made by fighting the yaller-skins; but, as we can't run, we'll make what fight we can, and I reckon it will be a good one. Lieu-

tenant Wade!"
Ned stepped forward.
"You will take charge of the guns, lieutenant. Jack is a gunner and knows how to make his mark. Get out your ammunition and trice up the boarding nettings, for there is going to be a right-smart fight before we get done with these cock-eyed cutthroats. You wanted it, and by George! you've got it. Keep her away; let her go before it."
The young officers sprung to their work with

go before it."

The young officers sprung to their work with a will, and the Flyaway was quickly in fighting trim. They had learned, in the course of their perilous life in the wilds of Kandy, to meet danger holdly, and if it had not have for Power. perilous life in the wilds of Kandy, to meet danger boldly, and if it had not been for Rona, not a man of them but would have been delighted with the prospect of a fight. The rifled gun which the Flyaway carried was a good one and although it only carried a twelve-pound ball, it was a dangerous arm for any light craft to meet. Jack Trumbull patted the gun lovingly and loaded it with particular care. By this time the wind was rapidly dying away, and the

and loaded it with particular care. By this time the wind was rapidly dying away, and the schooner scarcely moved through the water.

"One thing is mighty good," declared Captain Dave. "That gun is on a pivot and we can meet them, no matter what way they come."

"But," asked Richard, "if the wind dies away, will it not be bad for them as for us."

"No, blast 'em!" growled Captain Dave; "they'll git out the'r sweeps and come down on us a whoopin'. Thar, d'ye see that?"

As he spoke they saw the long white sweeps drop into the water from the sides of the nearly stationary proas, which soon began to move rapidly through the water.

"Ready there!" cried Captain Dave, waving his hand toward the gunner. "Wake 'em up, Jake."

The old gunner knelt behind the long gun and took a careful sight, depressing or raising the muzzle at the motion of the screw. All at once he started up with the lanyard in his hand, and a ball went skipping across the water toward the leading proa. It struck the water just in a line with the Malay craft, rose a little, and passed completely through her from stem to stern, and a wild confusion was visible on board. "I've got the right range," remarked Jack, quietly. "Wonder how the yaller cusses like that." The old gunner knelt behind the long gun and

'Good shot, Jack; well done!" cried the cap-

"Good shot, Jack, well done there the cap-tain. "Give her another!"

"She don't want it, Dave," decided Richard Wade, who with the glass at his eye, was watch-ing the proa earnestly. "She is settling down by the head already The confusion aboard the pirate became greater, and soon the men were seen leaping into the water in all directions. Five minutes

looked beautiful to the eye of a sailor, and Captain Dave Sawyer wore an air of pride as he took the deck, and watched the light clouds moving away to the east.

"Tell you what, my boys," he said, "it may be a little rough on the inhabitants, but if ever there was a gang of thievin' pirates upon the face of the earth, it's the people of these islands. Steal! It's no name fur it. Hi, there, Modol what are you about?

"Let not the captain sahib be angry with his slave," answered Modo. "I watch for the Malay pirates, whom may Vishwe confound."

"That's all right, Pete," said Ned, "but you don't think that they would have the cheek to pitch into the Flyaway?"

"Is the water in all directions. Five minutes later the proa sunk headforemost into the calm water, and was seen no more. The companion craft, waiting long enough to pick up the struggling men, came on with accelerated speed, while Jack again brought the Parrott to bear upon her. The first shot was too high and to the left, the second as much to the right, but the third plowed a lane through the crowd upon the deck of the pirate, while cries of agony were heard on every side. In the meantime the small carriage guns were loaded with grape, and as the Malay came near both were discharged, creating fearful havoc.

"Go below, Rona!" shouted Dave Sawyer, in a voice of fierce command, as he saw that even

"Go below, Rona!" shouted Dave Sawyer, in a voice of fierce command, as he saw that even the last terrible slaughter had not sickened the "Give 'em a little more grape, my

Again the carronades swept the decks of the

roa. This time the slaughter was more fearful than ever, but there are no men upon earth so careless of life as the Malay pirates.

Dead and wounded alike are tossed into the sea, and the proa still kept on her course, while sea, and the proa still kept on her course, while the revengeful yells of the survivors went up to the summer sky. Jack had just time to cram one more charge into the smallest carronade and pour it into them as the proa struck near

Now began a scene which beggars description.
The seamen of the Flyaway, with resounding
Anglo-Saxon yells, bounded forward to repel
boarders, and the revolvers began to tell fearboarders, and the revolvers began to tell fear-fully upon the mass of Malays who were hack-ing at the boarding-netting with their creeses, and trying to force their way on board. For ten minutes nothing was heard but the sharp crack of the revolvers, yells of agony and rage, and the stunning Yankee cheer as the men of the Flyaway made good their places upon the deck of the schooner. Twice the brutal horde gained the deck, and as often were they swept away by the wild charge of the Flyaways. At last, by a desp rate effort, forty or fifty of them gained the deck, and prepared for a rush. "Out of the way, you Flyaways," cried a clear voice. "Open right and left!" The Flyaways leaped upon the rail on either side, and the Malays were looking into the muz-zle of a carronade, behind which stood Jack

zle of a carronade, behind which stood Jack Trumbull, with the lanyard in his hand. Some of them fell to the deck, and thus escaped, but the majority of them were not in time, and the iron mass swept through their crowded ranks, literally mowing them down before it

"Charge now, Flyaways!" yelled Dave.
'Sweep the carrios from the decks!" Down came the stout crew on a run, and for a moment cutlass and revolver did bloody work. The decks were cleared in a moment, and almost at the same instant, the schooner, feeling the rising breeze, moved on her way, and the bloody fray was over.

(To be continued.)

#### Be Sacrificed Wouldn't OR,

MR. TOOTSBURY'S CURE

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Mr. Tootsbury was a very worthy and exemplary gentleman. Kind in his family, sociable with his neighbors, upright in his deal-

ngs. But like many another estimable gentleman, he had one failing, and this one rendered him a bore to everybody else.

He imagined himself to be a great invalid, tormented by every ailment which mortal flesh is heir to; and notwithstanding that his appetite was excellent, his sleep sound, and his general appearance robust and hearty, he persisted in his delucion

The wonder is that he was not half dead, and

man with a constitution of wrought-iron and as many lives as a cat.

Mr. Tootsbury's wife was a sweet-tempered, soft-voiced little body, who at first sincerely believed in and faithfully sympathized with her husband's complaints.

She had not failed, long since, to see the utter absurdity of them, but she was too tenderhearted to wound him by even a seeming indifference. So, with the patience of an angel, and the heroism of a martyr, she rose at all sorts of unseasonable hours of the night, or dropped her was that saint. lieved in and faithfully sympathized with her husband's complaints.

She had not failed, long since, to see the utter absurdity of them, but she was too tender-hearted to wound him by even a seeming indif-ference. So, with the patience of an angel, and the heroism of a martyr, she rose at all sorts of unseasonable hours of the night, or dropped her household tasks at the most unreasonable hours of the day, to prepare nauseating messes which of the day, to prepare nauseating messes which ought to have strangled him—but unfortunately

ought to have strangled him—but unfortunately didn't.

Mr. Tootsbury was possessed of a moderate competence, and might have lived easily. But whims like his can make terrible inroads on the expense-book. So little Mrs. Tootsbury, with a laudable desire to "help along," added to her already onerous tasks by taking boarders.

Two of these were sharp young fellows, medical students from a neighboring college. Of course, they saw at once that Mr. Tootsbury's diseases were nothing in the world but imagination, and it provoked them exceedingly to see his impositions upon his good-natured little wife, whom they highly esteemed.

For her sake they dutifully inquired after his health every day, and listened respectfully to her cheery hopes that he would soon be better, laughing in their sleeves all the time. But, instead of growing better, Mr. Tootsbury seemed determined to grow worse. His torments only increased, until the sharp students saw that, if he was in no danger of dying himself, he would soon succeed in worrying his poor little wife to death; and for her sake something must be done to cure him.

After reveral important consultations, they

death; and for her sake something must be done to cure him.

After several important consultations, they hit upon a plan which pleased them. As their first move upon the Tootsbury works, they began to display great anxiety as to the invalid's welfare, inquiring minutely into every symptom, and, when his little wife was not near, feeling his pulse, looking at his tongue and then at each other, with lugubrious sighs and, shakes of the head, and certain vague observations highly interesting to the self-made patient.

His respect for the young doctors began largely to increase. He decided that they were likely to rise high in their profession, and congratulated himself on having at last found some one who understood his case and could sympathize with him as he deserved.

And there Mr. Tootsbury was quite right—

And there Mr. Tootsbury was quite right-indeed he had! One morning, when they thought the time about arrived for the consummation of their plan, our young students followed their victim when he went out for his usual morning

Keeping behind him, they contrived, as he turned a corner, to come close enough to allow him to overhear their conversation, which they carried on in a half-subdued tone. "Then you don't think he can live long?" ask-

"On, no. He's bound to the in two of taken months at the longest."
"Singular case, isn't it?"
"Wonderful! Never saw anything like it!
Complication of half the diseases under the sun! "It's a pity, too. Our host is a worthy

Oh, no. He's bound to die in two or three

"Entirely so. Yes, it's a great pity. Why, I shouldn't be surprised to go up to dinner any day, and find him only a 'cold corpse.'"
"Then you think we had better make our own arrangements at once?"
"Indeed I do."
"Sut are you conserved."

"Indeed I do."

"But are you sure we can get his body?"

"Certainly. It's all arranged. He will be a splendid subject."

Mr. Tootsbury, who had pricked up his ears and been highly interested in the conversation he was overhearing, now began to feel cold chills all over him, and a prickly sensation at the roots of his hair, as if it was preparing to stand on and

n end.

He faced squarely about, and addressed the seemingly) startled young doctors.

"Gentlemen, was it me you were speaking of The students colored with apparent confusion,

and hesitated to answer.

"Be candid! Speak out! I am bound to know! Was it me?" sternly demanded our

hero.

"Well, sir, yes. We alluded to you."

"You think I am going to die, do you?"

"Well, sir, yes; there's no doubt of it." And you say you have arranged to get my

'Is that a fact, gentlemen?" "I suppose you intend to dissect me, then?"
"Yes, sir." every word Mr. Tootsbury's choler rose.

and his face grew paler and paler.
"Will you be kind enough to inform me why
this particular honor is reserved for me, gentle-

Certainly. We want to find out what is the matter with you. You are always sick, yet always growing fatter; always complaining, yet able to eat more and sleep better than any of us. You look stout and hearty, yet you are a confirmed invalid. We don't understand it, and we want to find out. We intend to get

and we want to find out. We intend to get your body, and offer you a glorious sacrifice on the altar of medical science."

"You do! Well, young gentlemen, I'm sorry to be obliged to spoil your fun, but allow me to say I won't be sacrificed! Not on the altar of science, or any other altar, just yet! Not if I know it! I don't intend to be sliced open! I don't intend to die! I intend to get well! In fact, I am well now! I am just as well as you are! There is nothing whatever the matter with me! And if you venture to say there is, I will thrash you both, right here in the open street! I will, by George! Cut me to pieces, indeed. Sacrifice me, hey! Not much! I'm quite well, gentlemen! I mean to keep so! When I am ready to be a 'sacrifice on the altar of science,' I'll just let you know, gentlemen! Good-day!"

Good-day, gentlemen! I'll see you at dinner. Good-day!"

And off trotted the nervous invalid, fully re-

And off trotted the nervous invalid, fully re-olved never to die while those students were in

While they went on their way, laughing at the cure their ruse had worked, and rejoicing over the sudden restoration of worthy Mr. Tootsbury, and quite contented that he shouldn't be a sacrifice" until he got ready!

# Raising the Dead;

HOW TOM KENDALL WON A WIFE.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

THOUGH there was a soft little paw upon his arm, and two blue eyes raised appealingly to his own, Tom Kendall wore a sour, discontented

look.
"That is what it amounted to," he was saying, in a tone that well suited the expression of his face. "I am good enough as a farm-hand, but when it comes to marrying—I've got to snut

but when it comes to marrying—I've got to shut up or clear out."

"Don't, Tom," and the blue eyes filled with tears, and the red, ripe lips quivered piteously.

"Is it not true? I told your father that we loved each other, and asked him to give you to me. What did he say? That he liked me very well, as a man, but that I would not suit him as a son-in-law. He said, too, that you were as good as engaged to that snuffle-nosed Mormon, Elias Hopkins."

"I hate him! I'd sooner think of marrying a

"I hate him! I'd sooner think of marrying a make!" and Alice Walker stamped her little feet with emphasis.
At this juncture Farmer Walker made his ap-

believed that if ever a saint dwelt upon this earth the man whose voice came to his ears then was that saint.

After the prayer was ended, Mr. Walker opened the door and drew his daughter in after him, despite her evident reluctance. A tall, stoop-shouldered, hatchet-faced man was carefully dusting the shiny knees of his black pants. As his eyes lifted at their entrance, his whole face bore a striking resemblance to that of a hawk, though there was a shifty, snake-like gleam in his small black eyes.

"Alice is here to listen to your words, elder," said the farmer. "She knows that you have my full consent and best wishes. I only wish that she and I were more worthy of the honor you propose conferring upon us."

The protruding under lip hung lower than ever, the snaky eyes glistened and glowed with redoubled fire as Elias Hopkins advanced and took hold of the maiden's little hand. She cast an appealing glance toward her father, but he frowned warningly as he slipped from the room and left them together.

It is not necessary, nor would it be an agreeable task for me to report in full the interview between the Mormon and his intended victim. His words were little better than blasphemy, for his piety was a pitiable sham, assumed much as the wolf donned the sheepskin, and for no better purpose.

At that date—1832—Mormonism wore a far

At that date—1832—Mormonism wore a far more respectable garb than it does now. Both Joseph Smith, the first "prophet," and Sidney Rigdon, the real author of the "Book of Mormon" (though he found the germ in the manuscript left by one Solomon Spalding, written as a burlesque) stoutly denounced the institution of polygamy, which, even then, Brigham Young, at that time one of the Twelve Apostles, was endeavoring to make a prominent feature of the creed. The Mormons had but recently settled in Missouri, and to secure a good footing, wore their best and most plausible mask. James Walker was one of the richest and most influential farmers in the State, and no pains were spared to "convert" him. By nature simple and superstitious, this was not a very difficult task, and when the oily, cunning Elias Hopkins proposed to make Alice Walker his wife, the former felt more highly honored than he would had a prince royal begged an alliance. At that date—1832—Mormonism wore a far

the former felt more highly honored than he would had a prince royal begged an alliance. Now Alice loved another, with all the fervor of her pure, young soul, and that other, Tom Kendall, her father's hired man, was in every respect worthy of her love. Though poor, he was one of those men whose every step is to the front. Already he had saved up enough to commence housekeeping in a small way, when the advent of Elias Hopkins changed his bright anticipations to gloomy doubt. These fears proved but too well founded, when he made his confession of love. Farmer Walker complacently gave him to understand that Alice was meant for his master, that she was as good as engaged for his master, that she was as good as engaged

to the Mormon elder.

That same evening, a weary and footsore traveler knocked at the dot of the Walker farmhouse, and told a pitiful story, begging food and a night's rest. Of course this was freely granted; no country in the world can boast more truly hospitable people than the farmers of Missouri. Late that night the farmer's family was awak-Late that night the farmer's family was awakened by deep groans and sounds of distress coming from the chamber to which the stranger had been assigned. They found him doubled up in a spasm of terrible pain. The symptoms were those of cholera, and though naturally frightened at the appearance of the dread scourge beneath their roof, Mr. and Mrs. Walker were unremitting in their efforts to relieve the sufferer. But, all their pains were in vain. Toward daydawn, the stranger appeared to be sinking rapidly, and as the sun rose, all was over.

rapidly, and as the sun rose, all was over.
Sorely troubled, James Walker fairly shouted
with joy as he beheld Elias Hopkins riding up to
the stile-blocks, and rushing to meet him, he
poured forth his troubles. With a face as expressionless as a mask, the Elder listened to him.

Then he said:
"I knew that I was needed here. Last night I had a revelation from the Lord, directing me to hasten hither; I knew not what was expected of me, but all is clear, now. Let thy heart be comforted, Master Walker. The dead stranger

shall yet call thee and thine blessed. The Lord

has sent me here to perform a miracle."

The farmer listened in open-mouthed astonishment. Though he almost revered the Moranova this hold associated as the second this hold as the mon, this bold assurance almost confounded im. To raise the dead! Elias Hopkins smiled, and his snaky eyes glit-

Enas Hopkins sinited, and installing the fered.

"You, too, are a doubter, brother! Enough! I cast my reliance upon the power which has been sent me from heaven. I will raise this dead man to life and health. Not only you, but the whole world shall be convinced. Go send your servants around to the neighbors' houses. Bid them come and bear witness to the miracles of the true church!"

Scarce knowing what to think, James Walker obeyed, sending word in every direction, bidding one and all hasten to witness the miracle about to be performed by the apostle.

There was no need of a second invitation. The Mormon pioneers had cumningly advertised their creed and the miraculous powers with which

Elias Hopkins was naturally the center of obdormon. When he considered that the interest

had waxed sufficiently strong he arose.

"Brother Walker, you will please state whether I have yet looked upon the corpse of the stranger.

The former promptly obeyed. Then the Apostle bade him lead the way to the death-

chamber.

Among those most deeply interested in the matter was Tom Kendall. From the moment when he heard his rival declare his purpose of raising the dead he had been thinking busily. He felt convinced that there must be something beneath the surface—something not exactly "upon the square." But, how could be expose

Elias Hopkins entered the chamber where the stranger lay, and kneeling beside the bed he ut-tered a long and apparently sincere petition. It must not be recorded here. The blasphemy was

too foul and impious.

As he arose, Tom Kendall addressed him: As ne arose, from kendan addressed hint:

"Mr. Hopkins, before proceeding further, I would like to ask you a question. You say that the power has been given you to raise the dead?"

"I do—by the grace of the Lord."

"But, supposing this stranger had died of some other disease than cholera, could you raise him

I could," promptly responded the Elder "I could," promptly responded the Elder.
"And the same if he had been killed by an accident? Suppose he had been murdered—had his head chopped off?" persisted Kendall.
"Even though his body was severed into fifty parts, if I had faith, as I have, I could bring him to life just as easily as I can now."
"Then I will doubt you no longer. I believe you can raise the dead; but, there may be others present who are not so easily convinced. And

present who are not so easily convinced. And to show them that you indeed possess the power — you are positive that this poor stranger is He is dead. You can see that for yourself."

"Then there can be no harm in my aiding to make your miracle an undoubted success. Since the man is dead as he possibly can be, I'll just chop off his head—"

As he spoke, Kendall suddenly produced a huge broadax from beneath his coat and swung it over the neck of the "corpse." And with a yell of horror, the dead man rolled to the floor,

begging for mercy!
Etias Hopkins made a dash for the door, but,
a dozen hands seized him. The pretended corpse

was closely questioned, and confessed that Hopkins had hired him to play "the part," hoping, by his "miracle," to thoroughly convert the

wavering farmers.

James Walker led the apostle out of the house, James Walker led the apostic out of the house, and administered to him a thorough thrashing. Then both impostors were ducked in the large pond, and warned to leave the county instanter. "Neighbors," said Walker, when this was done, "you came to see a miracle; go get your wives and your children, and come back here this evening, and you shall see a wedding." And they did.

### Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP.

"THOROUGHLY square play and honorable conduct in the arrangement of all contests be-tween League Club nines" was the alleged line of action to be pursued by the League Association. This is the precept of the organization; the question is, does their practice accord with the avowed principle of the League clubs as stated in their constitution? Certain facts

seem to militate against their practice being in consonance with their precept in this respect. Let us examine into the case of the Cincinnati club in reference to their past as well as existing status as a legal contestant in the League Championship arena, by way of illustration. First we find that the club, under the combined management of Messrs. Keck and Hurl-burt—for the latter gentleman seems to have had quite a controlling influence in the club's doings-was allowed to have its games counted as legal contests in June last, when it was well known to the League officials that the club had not paid their \$100 entry fee within the prescribed time, and therefore were not legal contestants; and after this fact had leaked out and ecome public, and the club had been disbanded, we find that the new organization succeed-ing it were allowed by the League club directors to lead the base-ball public to understand that by mutual agreement, certain of the club's games were to be counted as legal contests,"and certain others were to be thrown out, this agreement giving the new club a quasi membership of the League, by which the public were to be led to patronize the Cincinnati club games under a false impression. It now turns out that there was "a distinct understanding that the games played by the new Cincinnation nine were not to be counted as legal contests in the championship series," and as the games of the old nine could not be legally counted, it followed that all the games played by the Cincinnati club this season—old and new nine alike—were to be thrown out of the count. What Western paper connected with the League Association, or what League club director or official has given publicity to this important fact? We pause for a reply. Again in regard to the selection of umpires, the League rules call for three umpires for each city, and at each game the names of these three are to be placed in a box, and one of the names is to be drawn. The umpire whose name is drawn being the one appointed to act in the game. In St. Louis, it is stated that there is but one umpire, and he is always drawn for each match; and in Louisville, too, the same thing is done. Is this fair dealing with visiting clubs? Is this in accordance with the line of honorable conduct in the mutual intercourse of League clubs one with the other? Who will answer? If we are wrong in the facts we shall be glad to be set right, but what with the complaints against the partiality shown, or alleged to be shown, by certain League umpires out West, and the damaging charges and counter-charges

somewhat in violation of its precept of square play and honorable dealing The fact is, an examination of the constitution and rules of the League Association will show sufficient reason for regarding the Cincinnati games as out of the pale of legal ones. In the first place, it is plain that the Cincinnati club forfeited membership of the Championship-Club contestants by not paying the entry fee, and there are no rules which admit of a new club's joining the League until the regular annual meeting; and, despite the mutual agreement entered into, by which the new club was given a quasi-membership, we do not see how the games can be counted under League laws and the rules governing the championship. Under these circumstances, and in view of a statement made to us to the effect that "the distinct arrangement is that none of the games of the new organization are to be counted as League Championship games," we have made up our record, leaving out the Cincinnati club ames altogether, and this table shows the

made by a prominent umpire and a prominent

club director or manager connected with West-

ern League clubs, together with the effort to keep from the public the fact of the true status of the Cincinnati games, things do look as

if the practice of the League Association was

clubs occupying the following relative posirooklyn Games lost..... 11 14 14 16 18 73

Counting all the Cincinnati games, the record shows Louisville with 23 won games, St. Louis with 20, and Boston with 20; and counting the Cincinnati games as per agreement, the Louisvilles stand first, Boston second, and St. Louis third. As the clubs stand up to August 6th, inclusive, therefore, Louisville occup es first place in the race under any count, and St. Louis second by a legal count, with Boston third and Brooklyn fourth, the Chicago nine being almost distanced in the race. That is how the clubs stand up to August 6. How they will stand by October 6, two months hence, deponent saith not. "But what are the chances?" queries our impatient readers. Well, the chances are that as things look now, the pennant will "go West," and that "Old Kentuck' will fly the coveted banner at Louisville. That is how things look just at present; but there are so many uncertainties in base-ball that it would be very unsafe to bet on this probability.

It is said that 34,000,000 tons of coal are onsumed annually, being double the amount used fifteen years ago. In that time the custom of presenting a couple who have been married ten years with sixteen dippers has

grown into popularity. "Suppose we pass a law," said a severe father to his daughters, "that no girl eighteen years old who can't cook a good meal shall get married until she learns how to do it?" "Why, then, we'd all get married at seventeen," responded the girls in sweet chorus.